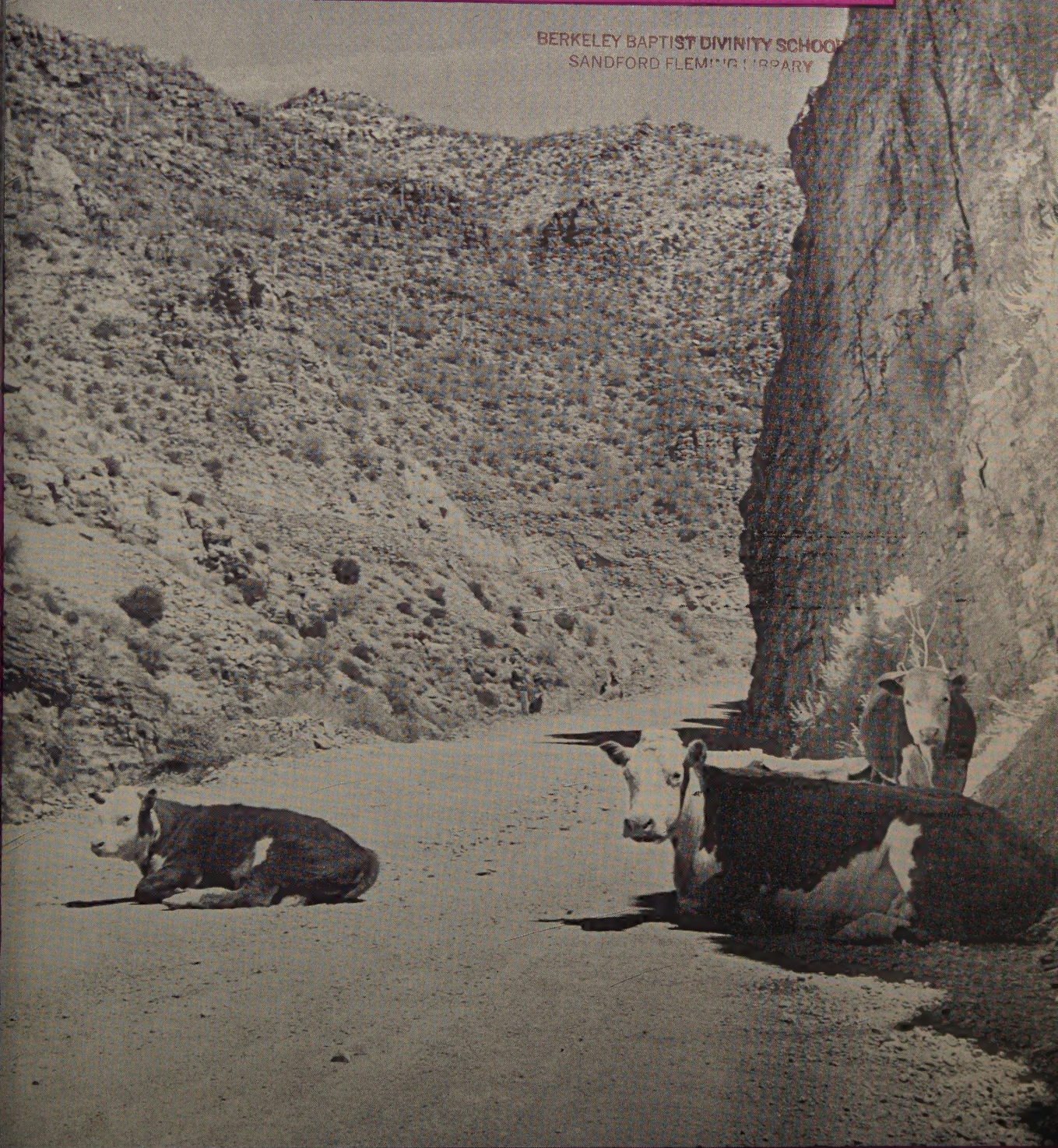


*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL  
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- **Hey! Work Is Fun! - Aubrey B. Haines**
- **Surprise for Stephen - Helen L. Renshaw**

**AUGUST, 1955 - 25c**



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*  
SUE HERON, *Assistant Editor*

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### Be a Little Bit Like a Cow

When a cow gets weary, she takes siesta, no matter where she is. The cow in our cover picture happen to be taking of repose on the Apache Trail near Phoenix, Arizona—and don't they look as though they're enjoying it? Of course, a car or truck could fulminate at jarring these bovine creatures from their reverie. Right now, however, they are relaxing and enjoying the beauty of a summer day, transitory though the pleasure may be. Why don't you become a little bit like a cow?

**What's Here?** Teen-agers (and others too) often think that duties which tax their muscle fibers are nothing more than drudgery. Aubrey Haines has an article with a spritely, eye-catching title, "Hey! Work Is Fun!" He reveals how seemingly monotonous, boring tasks can be transformed into pleasant duties.

Getting along with our neighbors is a problem which all of us must face, unless you happen to be a hermit living on a desert isle. If you are in complete accord with all of your neighbors, then Dorothy B. Meister's article, "Getting Along with the Neighbors," is not for you. If, however, you find that you have a private vendetta with other families in your neighborhood over such matters as pets and kids, then you'll find pointers in this article helpful.

Youth often become annoyed at the pristine ideas of their elders, and the elders, likewise, often are perturbed over the fresh-blooming, new ideas of youth. Both youth and age have ideas which must be utilized for the betterment of the world. In his article, "Let Youth and Age Get Together," W. G. Montgomery admonishes the two distinct age groups to liquidate their grievances and work in concord and co-operation.

We have another television article for you this month. Because of lack of space it did not appear in last month's issue of *Hearthstone*.

The kiddies will like "Freckles Visits the Children," the story of a little lad who went to vacation church school.

**What's Coming?** Industries in the United States have given birth to such insane observances as National Pickle Week, National Black Strap Molasses Week, National Deep Sea Fish Week, etc. Ruth Leedom Griffith supplicates all wives to try a much more prudent observance—a "Be Good to Husband Week." You'll read all about it in next month's issue of *Hearthstone*. There is a lot of other good reading, too, naturally.

Be seeing you.  
S. H.



# THE WORLD

## "That's Where the Tall Corn Grows"

Elkhart, Indiana.—The finest and richest of America's tall corn is growing not only in Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, and Indiana this summer. Such strange sounding places as Salonika, Thessalonica, and Xanthi in Greece are also seeing the tall, strong stalks of waving green on the hillsides of Sidhirokastron, in the valleys around Yannitsa, and on innumerable small villages. It will be tended by hand and hoes instead of modern machinery.

Best of all it will yield three times as much as the native Greek varieties and thereby will substantially help the often impoverished people of northern Greece, among them escapees and refugees from surrounding Communist countries, seeking a new life in the old country.

It all came about when the Christian Rural Overseas Program, the food collecting appeal of Church World Service, was asked to supply hybrid seed corn to help in the rehabilitation efforts of the World Council of Churches and the Orthodox Church of Greece. CROP shipped from twenty-two states over 420,000 pounds of four varieties of seed corn, deemed most suitable by the Greek Ministry of Agriculture. The corn will be planted in 60,000 acres and will yield almost 10 million pounds, if growing conditions are favorable.

## Oldest New Testament on Display

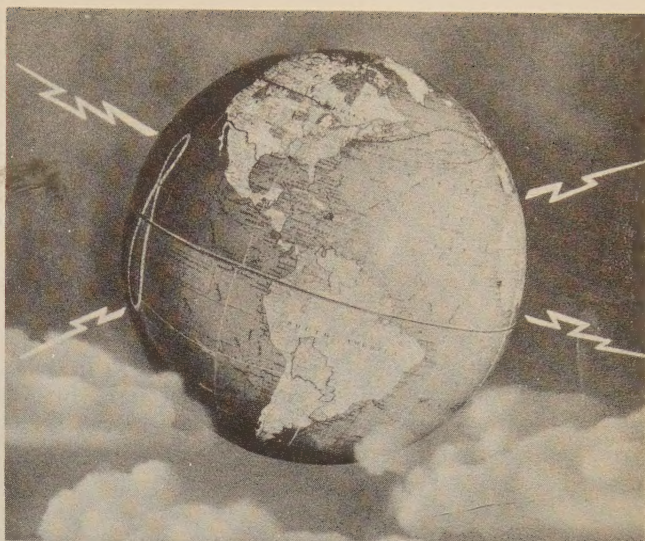
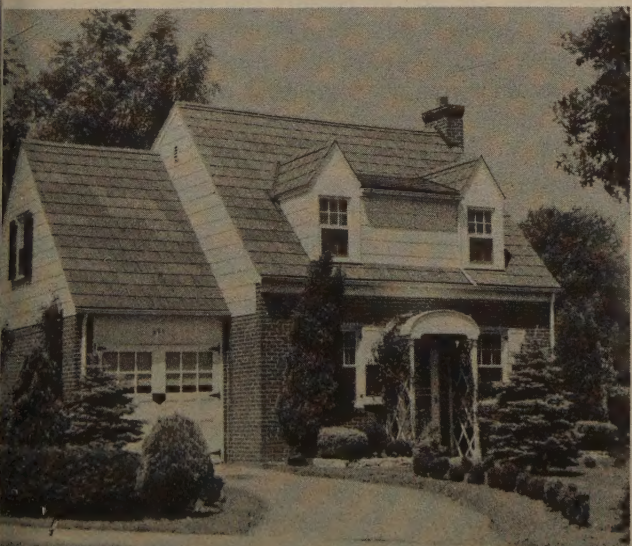
Washington, D. C.—A 1600-year-old Aramaic manuscript, said to be the oldest known copy of the New Testament, has been put on display at the Library of Congress. A fund of \$500,000 is being sought to purchase it from its present owner, Norman Yonan, whose family has had possession of it for many centuries.

The Yonan Codex, as it is called, was described by Dr. John Shapley, professor of archaeology, thus:

"It is a manuscript of the whole New Testament in Christian Aramaic, commonly called Syriac," he said. "The Codex is in excellent preservation; there are only a few leaves missing at the beginning and at the end. The script is in the early form known as Estrangela, and on the basis of its specific characteristics the manuscript is dated between the fourth and fifth centuries.

The manuscript consists of 227 leaves measuring about nine by seven inches, and written in black ink, now some-

—H. Armstrong Roberts



—H. Armstrong Roberts

what brownish. The handwriting is uniform and very skillful, evidently the work of one scribe, Dr. Shapley said.

The manuscript was written as the then whole New Testament, and it does not include the Book of Revelation and the four short Epistles, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, and Jude.

"The full significance of the Yonan Codex," Shapley said, "will only become apparent through the future research that may be done upon it by New Testament scholars. Because this Codex is apparently our first such whole New Testament, it becomes invaluable as a primary source on text criticism."

It is hoped that the Codex can be purchased and permanently placed in the Library of Congress.

## ● India Sends Missionaries to Africa

Allahabad, U.P., India—The United Church of Christ of Northern India has named the Rev. and Mrs. Din Dayal to be its first missionaries to East Africa. The couple were staff members of the Agricultural College at Allahabad.

S. K. Chatterji, moderator of the church, said he hopes the new missionaries will sail for East Africa in August.

Mr. Din Dayal was a delegate to the 1952 World Conference of Christian Youth in Kottayam, and he has toured India to survey evangelical methods employed by various churches.

## ● Homes for 12,000 Homeless

Chicago, Ill.—Protestant churches in the United States expect to sponsor the resettlement in this country of at least 12,000 European refugees in 1955, Dr. Norris Wilson, executive director of Church World Service, said. Only 109 refugees were brought in during 1954 by Protestant and Orthodox groups.

Chiefly responsible for this small number was the "almost insuperable handicap" placed upon the administrator of the Refugee Relief Act of 1953 by the restrictive provisions it contained, said Mr. Wilson. These restrictions resulted from the fact that internal security was "so prominent" a consideration at the time the law was passed by Congress.

The processing of refugees has been speeded up now, and there is every hope that churches will be able to bring over increasing numbers of sponsored refugees during this year.

# AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



by  
**Aubrey Haines**

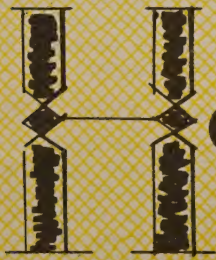
**T**HOUGH he had promised to mow the lawn before going to school, Norman left the job undone. Was he clever? Was he adept at getting out of work? He may have thought so. When he got home from school that afternoon, however, the lawn still needed to be mowed. Actually, he had merely postponed his work, and the longer he kept putting it off, the harder it was going to be. Norman did not realize that the sooner he tackled the job, the easier it would be.

Contrary to what some people may think, it is not clever to get out of work. It is easy to see why young

mind is free from the dread of still having to do job that he has postponed.

There is also a third type of youth, who is still immature. He does his tasks without having to be told.

"I never have to tell Mary that the floors need to be dusted," her Mother says. "She knows that twice a week the dust mop needs to be used, and she uses it." What type of girl is Mary? The kind who cannot pull herself free from her mother's apron strings? Not at all. She has learned to make every moment count, and to do so, she allows plenty of time for her work. Then when the time for leisure comes, she can be absolutely free. Because she has long merited the confidence of her parents and has been free to manage her own work, she has no fear that the family will find other things for her to do when she gets home. She has developed the kind of relationship with her parents where there is no trouble about work. She is free to choose her chores and times for doing them because her parents know she will, of her own accord, do a fair share of work and do it well.



# ey--work is fun!

people sometimes want to shirk responsibilities. They are looking for happiness in social activities. They like parties and picnics and good times. They like to be with other young people. They like things they can do with their friends.

Recreation is healthful, wholesome, and necessary. Young people need lots of it; but the period of youth is short. Young people will *be* tomorrow what they *are becoming* today. Along with fun and recreation they need to learn the meaning of responsibility. Then, when they are grown, they will be able to meet the problems and duties of adult life courageously.

The sooner Norman mows the lawn, the sooner he will begin to become responsible and dependable. As yet, he cannot be counted on.

Bob, on the other hand, is already developing a mature dependability. When his Dad says, "Bob, the car needs to be washed," he knows that Bob will soon have the job done. He enjoys fun the same as Norman does. Bob, however, has agreed that keeping the car clean is his responsibility, and he is conscientious about it. Actually, Bob can enjoy his fun much more than Norman can because Bob's subconscious

Some people regard work and good times as though they were opposites. They are not. What is the difference? What is work, and what is fun? One fellow enjoys books rather than mechanics. When he has to work on his car, he resents the time it takes. Another fellow spends literally hours working on his car. He tears it apart and puts it together again. The car may not need all this work, but its owner enjoys it.

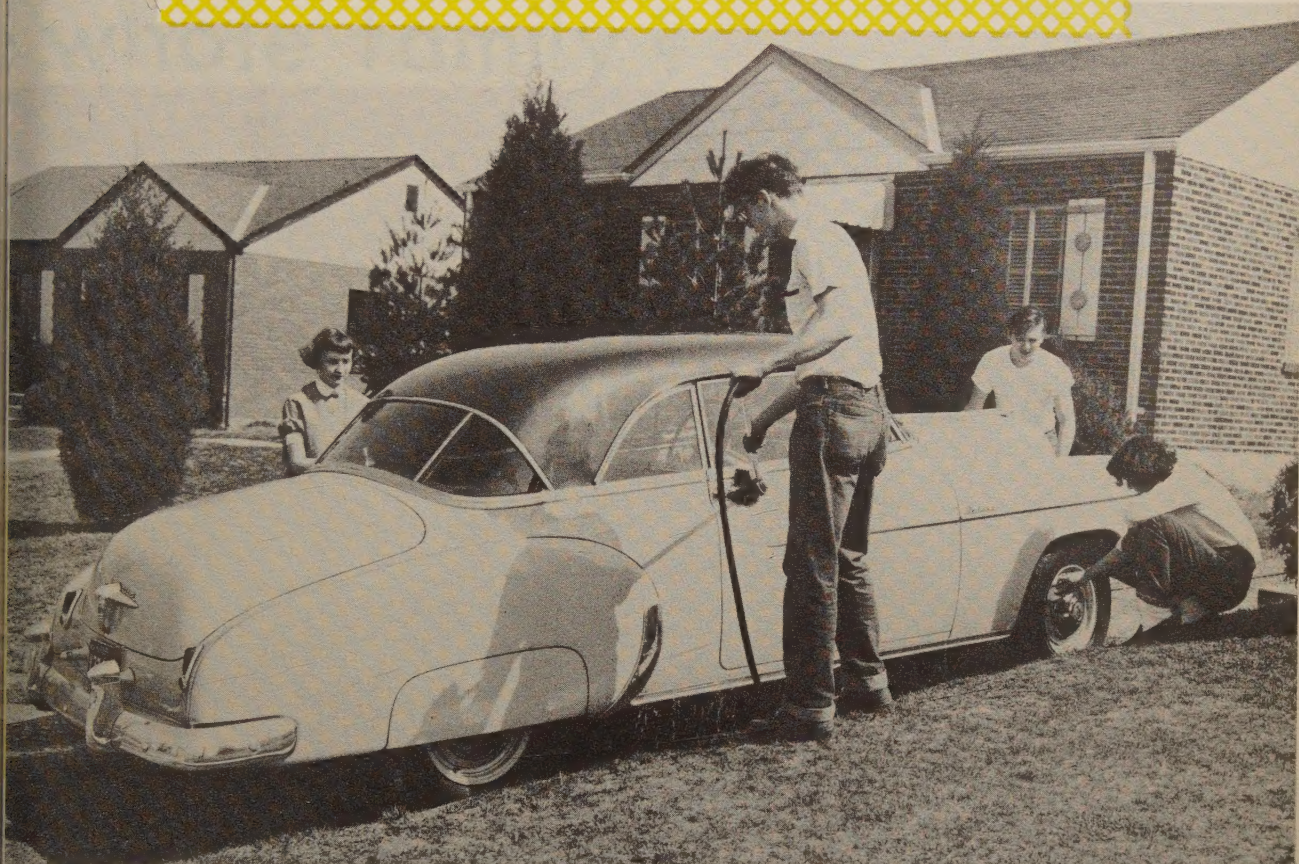
The point is, one fellow's work is another's play. An activity is work if a person regards it as work. He makes it seem hard by not liking it. Take mowing the lawn, for instance. The job looked hard because Norman responded negatively to it. The more he thought about it, without doing it, the harder it became. Had he instead thought, "I had better hurry and get this done so I will be free this evening," he would have generated enough enthusiasm to push the mower with energy. Then the mower would not have been nearly so difficult to push as he had thought.

Healthy young people should be teeming with ambition. Drying the family dishes may not be as intriguing as playing volleyball, but it gives young



*Maybe you teen-agers think that washing dishes, mowing the lawn, and cleaning the house are sheer drudgery.*

*The author of this article doesn't think so—and he teaches you the secrets of enjoying your daily tasks.*



—photo by erb

These teen-agers find that washing the car isn't half bad.

ople something to do that makes a real contribution to the family's home life and to their own spirits.

Within the church family young people frequently carry long tables and set up scores of chairs for a special function. Such work needs to be done. It serves as a challenge to youth's ambition. It gives young people an opportunity to serve the church. Doing services like this together can be real fun.

Finally, love enables one to work and enjoy it, because he can be of real service to others.

Betty came home from school and found that her mother had been canning fruit all day and was tired. Betty was tired, too, and the disorderly pots and pans and the dirty floor made her feel for the time being that life was little more than drudgery. When she thought of the sacrifices her mother had made for her and of the work her mother had done that day, her love for her mother gave her a renewed sense of

energy that she could not otherwise have found. She wanted to help her mother. Beginning at once the task of setting the kitchen in order, Betty found her concern gave her the ability to wash the dishes with ease and to mop the floor with renovated vigor. She really enjoyed the work, because she saw how her help lifted her mother's spirits. Because the work was completed, they both enjoyed a restful evening.

Centuries ago Jesus said, "One sows and another reaps. I sent you to reap that for which you did not labor; others have labored, and you have entered into their labor." (John 4:37-38) This surely applies to the household and to the way the family divides its work. For years Mother has done the household duties, and Dad has earned the living. Young people can lighten their parents' burdens by seeing things to do and doing them. When Norman,

(Continued on page 28.)



# What is wholesome

**I**N MARCH of 1952, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters established, after much profound discussion, the official code for the industry. The prologue of the Code runs as follows:

"It is the responsibility of television to bear constantly in mind that the audience is primarily a *home audience*, and consequently that television's relationship to the viewers is that between guest and host."

The Code, as it is known in the studios, was drawn up to prevent criticism and to avoid censorship from an aroused public. When it was signed and sealed, everyone concerned shook hands all around and vowed to be a good fellow and observe the tenets of the code. "Let's keep our own house clean so that outsiders won't clean it up for us," was the driving force behind the evolution of the Code.

This article will not deal with the failure on the part of the TV czars to observe that Code. The czars have not. As a matter of fact, the Code is violated daily, every hour on the hour.

This article, instead, will attempt to establish what might be good television for the family—and how it is possible for this good television to come about. The task is not an easy one simply because there is involved good taste, creative ability, and a will to a higher cultural level—if these do not interfere with the fantastic costs of television programs and profits of a gigantic and soaring industry.

Much has been written and said about poor, shoddy, and distasteful TV. It is already established that many of the programs and much of the direction of TV today are not especially in the realm of good taste.

Between good taste and wholesome programs, there is the lag of dullness versus crime, sex, and bestiality. In our times, with the wealth of writing, scenic, photographic, and acting talent, there is no need for the lurid in order to attract the audience. There is almost an overabundance of good talent in all the mentioned fields that can assure good TV, the kind of TV that would make sponsors, broadcasters, and viewers happy.

What is good television? What is good television for the whole family? This writer, distrusting his own thumb-rules, went to interview an expert, Al Franklin, public relations counselor for many of the biggest TV stars in the nation.

This is what Mr. Franklin had to say: "Without doubt, much of our audience is offended; but there is a good middleground between the so-called 'dull' and the thoroughly vicious.

"This middleground can only be expressed by selecting examples. Let us take the field of comedians. Many of the jokes of TV comedians border on the profane. It seems to me that a wholesome comic like Ernie Kovacs, who has the tenderness of a child and the whimsy of a gentleman, best represents the subtlety of the funnyman. He never offends, and he appeals to people of all ages. No parent can be outraged, and no child can be baffled.

"Then, let's take the field of singing which is so popular on TV. Kate Smith, almost an institution in the United States, is enabled by the very personality of her voice to command a wide audience.

"How can Kate do this? Does she do it with throaty sexiness? She does not! Does she do it with dresses in poor taste? No, she does not! Does she do it with a backdrop of variegated, silly, and poor plots? No!

"Kate does it with talent, with her own voice. When she sings, she sings the familiar, well-loved songs which have become folk songs in our country. She sings directly to the audience, and everyone is charmed and has been charmed for many years. She sings from the heart, and the heart of America responds.

"Let us take the field of contemporary reporting of the news analysts who pretend to exhume the events of the day and deliver them to the people. Many use the murders, the fires, the rapes, the sordid happenings which churn up in our cities in order to fill in the fifteen minutes or the half hour. This is the tabloid silhouette of news. Worse, it presents a false picture of America. It is not the real America but a shortsighted and somewhat ugly view.

"A commentator such as Ted Collins, who inter-



# whole family ?

*There is good television as well as bad. This article gives a rundown on programs available to you now and what to expect in the future.*

by J. Alvin Kugelmass

vs notable political figures with dignity and deim—here we have the spectacle of the analyst, of news commentator who is placing proper weight proper values.”

thus spoke Art Franklin, an experienced man in field. Mr. Franklin, however, did not cover the called “drama” and “variety” shows which make a good bulk of the some twenty hours daily of vision which flash across the screens of 40,000,000 ilies in the nation.

There is little doubt that the industry, in a short e, will come of age. It is young; it is brash; it has nt a fortune in research; and it is anxious to please nsors and to recoup its huge investment. In the rim, and we are now living in the interim, a slow- s between creative talent and the “easy” topic

may be detected. The easy topics are, of course, the “natural” ones, as they are called—the sexy, hideous, easy-appeal topics.

Of late, the big companies and sponsors are seeking talent among the great writers of our time. They are producing good television, albeit spotty.

Good television, in my opinion, must have simple charm and drama with a moral and must be well demonstrated and educational. There is a vast excitement in education. For example, the University of Chicago not long ago conducted an experiment in TV in order to teach the public about the advancements of science and medicine. The “rabid” broadcasters sat up and took notice when the Hooper rating on this rose far above anything devoted to sex and

*(Continued on page 9)*

There are many TV programs which all the members of the family can view with mutual enjoyment.

—Ewing Galloway





# Pete and Christian Democracy

A Story by RUTH FORD

—Illustration by Fred Gohman



When Mamma Hodges answered her doorbell, she found her little grandson Pete waiting—with a disturbed look on his face. In his troubled, serious voice he said, "I've come to stay."

THE doorbell rang insistently. Before Mamma Hodges could dry her hands and get from the kitchen, it rang again and again. *Who in the world?* thought Mamma, as she hurried through the hall.

When she opened the door, she saw her little grandson, Peter Clair.

"Pete, darling, how nice of you to stop on your way from school."

Mamma's house was at least a block off the beaten path between school and her daughter Laura's home.

"I didn't just stop," said Pete in his troubled, serious voice; "I came to stay."

"Well, that's even better. Come out to the kitchen. I made Eddie's birthday cake this morning, and I'm icing it now. You can help me."

"That's right," said Peter. "I forgot Eddie's nine years old today."

He seemed to grow even more disturbed.

Pete was Mamma's favorite. Of her daughter's three children, the little serious-minded Pete with his problems always lay so heavily on his six-year-old shoulders.

Friendly Eddie took everything good or bad, in his stride, while Debby, who was three, blithely ran over all her difficulties, solving them with her radiant smile.

Pete could never be forced, even coaxed into telling his worries, but if he was left alone, eventually they would come out.

"I made some gingerbread this morning. Sit here and eat it and drink a glass of milk while I phone your mother that you wish me so she won't be worried."

"Maybe you betta," answered Pete.



she started out the door, Pete  
sighed, "I'm not go'n home no  
more, but I don't want Mom to be  
saddened and sad."

Mamma stopped in her tracks.  
"You're not going home any  
more?"

"No'm. If I go home, they'll  
make me go to school, and I'm not  
going to school any more, either."  
Well," sighed Mamma, "I  
guess I better tell her."

WHEN SHE came back, Pete was  
sitting at the window. Sounds  
of children at play were coming  
from the lower end of the garden.  
Pete turned and asked accus-  
ingly, "Did you let somebody live  
in the garden house, Mamma?"

"Yes, we did, dear. Papa needed  
someone to help him at the plant,  
and the city has been trying to  
get some Puerto Rican people  
to need work and homes. Mr.  
Palacios did this same kind of  
work in San Juan where he lived;  
Papa has a contract with him,  
which includes a place to live.  
They have three lovely chil-  
dren, Pete, and one boy is just  
my age. Don't you want to go  
and play with them?"

"No'm, I don't," said Pete em-  
phatically.

Mamma glanced at him curi-  
ously.

After a short silence spent  
watching Mamma pour the icing on  
the cake, Pete said, "Salvador sits  
next to me at school."

Another silence.

Mamma handed him the pan to  
taste.

"Mamma, he's awful brown.  
He's almost black."

Then disdainfully, "Mamma, he  
won't talk, either."

The light began to dawn on  
Pete's problem.

"Pete," said Mamma, "Salvador  
isn't the first person of another  
race you have seen, and you know  
that Puerto Ricans are really Ameri-  
cans. They have as much right to  
be here as any other Americans.

"By the way, didn't you have a  
pal in Africa last summer?"

"Yes'm, but he was in Africa,  
not in my school."

How could she make him under-  
stand?

She asked, "Pete, do you sup-  
pose you could learn to speak  
Spanish?"

"No'm."

"That's what Salvador spoke be-  
fore he came here, and when he  
really learns, I wouldn't be a bit  
surprised if he speaks better Eng-  
lish than you. You could stand  
some improving, you know. Salva-  
dor needs a lot of help, though."

Pete's wrinkled brow showed he  
was considering this angle of his  
problem.

"Come," said Mamma, "the  
cake's all finished. Let's go out  
and rake leaves. They're falling  
all over the place."

THEY WORKED in silence for a  
while, then through the hedge  
tumbled an adorable little brown  
puppy.

With an exclamation of sur-  
prised delight, Pete dropped his  
rake and gathered him close.

While Pete was cuddling the  
puppy and talking to him in en-  
dearing terms, three children came  
rushing through. Their voices  
were excited, but Mamma and Pete  
could not understand their words.

They stopped short when they  
saw Pete with the puppy, then  
Salvador's face broke into a friend-  
ly grin of recognition.

"You like him, *Pedro*?"

He smiled apologetically.

"Excuse, Pete."

Pete nodded.

"You want *mantener*." Salva-  
dor's face puckered in concentra-  
tion and slowly and distinctly he  
continued. "Keep—him—and—  
play—with—him?"

Again Pete nodded.

"We got *tres mas*, three—more.  
You bring him to his *mamma* be-  
fore too dark."

Another nod.

Silently, the children withdrew.

Mamma had hoped Pete would  
call them back or follow them, but  
he remained where he was.

For an hour Pete raced and  
tumbled with the puppy, his  
laughter mingling with the excited  
yipping of the little dog.

Finally they were both tired out,  
and Pete settled down on a pile of  
leaves with the dog in his arms.

"He likes me, Mamma."

"I'm sure he does, Pete. Most

animals and people, too, respond  
to your friendliness."

"They've got three more. Do  
you s'pose they'd let me have this  
one?"

"Well, now, I don't know about  
that. But are you sure you want  
him?"

Pete looked up in surprise.

"Of course, I am. I like him, and  
he likes me. Why wouldn't I want  
him?"

"Just think, Pete, where he came  
from. He's a Puerto Rican dog,  
you know, and he's awfully  
brown."

Pete glanced up to see if she  
was serious, but Mamma kept  
right on raking leaves.

"Guess I better take him home,"  
said Pete quietly.

He got up slowly and with lag-  
ging steps disappeared through the  
hedge.

Just at dusk he came in, bright  
eyed and rosy cheeked.

"Guess I better go home, Mamma.  
Eddie might be sad if I didn't eat  
his birthday supper."

"I'm sure he would," responded  
Mamma.

"Wait just a few minutes,  
though. Papa will be here soon,  
and we'll all go over and take the  
cake. We are going to eat supper  
with you."

AT THE supper table, Pete  
turned every subject of conversa-  
tion back to the Palacios. Besides  
Salvador, he had met Mama, Rosa,  
and Mingo. He told about playing  
a game which is almost the same  
as "Hide and Seek." But mostly  
he talked of dogs.

Salvador had told him that when  
they were a little older, he could  
have one of the puppies, and Pete  
was torn with indecision.

After supper, Daddy St. Clair  
asked Papa Hodges to read the  
Bible story for the evening's de-  
votional.

Papa chose Peter's vision in the  
tenth chapter of Acts.

He read about the experience  
of Cornelius, the centurion of the  
Italian band who lived in Caes-  
area. They all listened intently as  
the angel told Cornelius to send  
to Joppa and ask Peter to tell him  
what he should do in order to be-  
come a Christian. The story went



on to tell how Peter came to the house of his friend Simon, the tanner in Joppa. Peter was tired and hungry, and while dinner was being prepared, he went up on the housetop to pray. It was then he had his vision of the animals being let down in the sheet and heard the voice from heaven telling him to "kill and eat." When Peter protested that he had never eaten anything common or unclean, the voice told him, "What God has cleansed, you must not call common." Then the voice told him that there were three men at the gate inquiring for him and that he was to go with them because God had sent them.

When Papa closed the Bible, as usual, the discussion was lively.

The fact that Peter had not eaten before he went to sleep caused Eddie to remark that "Peter was

hungry, and that's what made him dream about all those animals being let down in the sheet."

"Yes," said his father, "that probably had something to do with it; but Peter was worried, too. When Jesus was with his disciples, he told them over and over again that he came to save *all* people."

"Jesus even preached to the people in Samaria whom the Jews disliked," explained Mamma. "And that time when he traveled up to Tyre and Sidon and his disciples wanted him to send away the woman who came to him for help, he told them definitely that he had not come just to save 'the lost sheep of Israel.'"

"Oh, yes," said Eddie, "I remember when he was ascending into heaven, he told them, 'Go therefore, and make disciples of *all* nations, . . .'"

Pete and Debby joined in "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

Laura said, "The Jewish people were so sure, however, that the children of Israel were the *chosen* people that they never did really take in the fact that God is the Father of *all* races until after Jesus had left them."

Eddie's face brightened with understanding.

"Then this vision with every kind of animal in the sheet was Peter's answer and let him know for sure that Jesus wanted him to go to other countries and tell the people about him."

Pete had been very quiet some time.

Now he asked, "Do you suppose Salvador would go to church service with me?"

"Well, now, I don't know about that," answered Mamma. "It would be nice to ask him, but he might be a Roman Catholic. I believe many Puerto Ricans are Catholics."

"Oh!" said Pete, and repeated softly, "Catholic."

Debby broke up the discussion by declaring, "That doesn't matter. Rose lives with us, and she makes her a United States, Methodist cat, but she'll be glad to pray with your Puerto Rican Catholics, Pete."

THE NEXT morning Pete lingered in his room, rummaging in his treasure chest.

Laura came to the door.

"What are you looking for, Pete? Can I help you?"

Pete stuck something in his pocket and said, "No'm, I found it."

He ran all the way to school and reached there out of breath just as the bell rang.

As he slid into his seat he reached over and put his much-prized police whistle into Salvador's hand.

He gave Salvador a wide grin and whispered, "When I get my dog, will you teach me some Spanish so he'll understand me?"

# The Hand I Hold

By Pearl Foster Goff

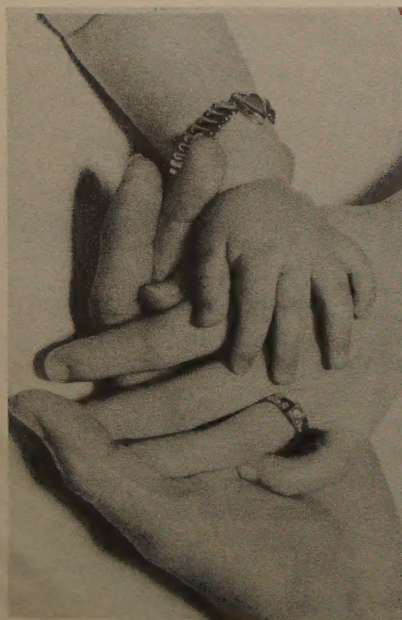
Five small fingers curled in mine,  
Full of trust, secure,  
Twenty years from now, will they  
Still be firm and sure?

Is this a President I guide,  
A Doctor or a Preacher,  
Or perhaps walks by my side  
An Editor or Teacher?

Or will these fingers some day hold  
A gun to use for gain,  
Or perhaps before a court of law  
Lose even this good name?

Is this the challenge flung to me?  
Am I to choose the way?  
Dear Lord, I pray that I may know  
Thy leading every day.

That five small fingers curled in mine  
Full of trust, secure,  
Twenty years from now will be  
Firm and strong and sure.



—Walter Hering



## What Is Wholesome TV for the Whole Family?

(Continued from page 5)

e. It seemed as though the built-in good taste of the people foiled the Madison Avenue sachems who relied upon the lurid, simple formulas.

Good television for children is educational television. Noise, just for the sake of noise, idiocies perpetrated by grown-up men to command a vast audience, and the comic book, translated via the air waves, are not nearly so effective as fairy tales, excellent imitations, and intelligent animated cartoons. Disney appeals to the kiddies far more than Superman does.

N.B.C., C.B.S. and Dumont, as well as all the other networks, should suspend commercials during Christmas, Easter, and major events such as conventions and elections. These offend and do not give TV a good reputation. The motion pictures might be treated with more care rather than the fact that they are cheaply purchased. Many are of a poor vintage and have no bearing on present-day problems. Most of them were made during the so-called "Roaring Twenties," when Prohibition was painted at its worst and license was glamorized.

Good television means balance in daily fare, especially in dramas which are closely watched by parents after children have gone to bed. The great social issues of our day: unemployment, racial discrimination, alcoholism, war, slums, tensions of daily life, insecurity—these are the great, noble themes which should be televised. At times they are; mostly, they are not. In the privacy of their own living rooms, as people would gain a better understanding of these old problems.

Television needs better critics than it has had. As a great force of communication, it requires critics of the status of movie and theatrical reviewers. This, too, in time will come to pass.

In the meantime, it is sad that the makers of TV look upon the people as being below the age of twelve in intelligence and below the age of eighteen in emotional stability. They are underrating us, and it is good to see that such prime movers of better TV as Edward R. Murrow are commanding a vast audience for an intelligent sponsor.

As in all fields of communication, the people have always been underrated. When TV learns, as magazine publishers have, that *The Reader's Digest* enjoys a larger circulation than any other magazine because it does not allow itself to degrade, then television will come of age—will come to maturity.

### *The TV Industry Code*

1. Profanity, obscenity, smut, and vulgarity are forbidden, even when likely to be understood only by part of the audience. From time to time, words which have been acceptable acquire undesirable meanings, and telecasters should be alert to eliminate such words.
2. The costuming of all performers shall be within the bounds of propriety, and shall avoid such exposure or such emphases on anatomical detail as would embarrass or offend home viewers.
3. Racial or nationality types shall not be shown on television in such a manner as to ridicule the race or nationality.
4. The use of locations closely associated with sexual life or sexual sin must be governed by good taste or delicacy.
5. Camera angles shall avoid such views of performers as to emphasize anatomical details indecently.

by louise

arker barnhill

## And here I builded me a house



—Clark and Clark

And here I builded me a house  
Upon a pinnacle of stone. . . .  
High up above the shifting sands,  
Beneath celestial dome.

And though the tempest-shock profound  
From wind, and sun, and biting chill,  
There is no crumbling to be found. . . .  
This house is staunch, serene, and still.

Adversity comes oft to dwell,  
Yet brings no haunting fear. . . .  
A stalwart sentinel of faith  
Guards well this hallowed sphere.

And here I builded me a house . . .  
Within this house a shrine,  
An altar where the family heart  
Kneels down at worship time.



# Homer


# Evans

who was born with  
cerebral palsy

story and photos

by

Marion Rubinstein



An interest in mechanics joins Homer Evans and Ray Brewer in a lifelong friendship. Homer is living a fully normal life in spite of the fact that doctors told his mother that he wouldn't live.

*This is the story  
of a courageous boy and his success  
at overcoming the handicap of cerebral palsy.*

The children who were seated in the classroom were different from others. Their difference was evident in the braces some of them wore on their legs and the crutches others kept by their desks.

Because of this difference, these children were not so easily surprised as others who have not had palsy or have not been born with cerebral palsy. That is why they did not pay too much attention when a new boy was put into the back of their classroom and a seat was put around it.

They knew that the mother of the newest boy slept there during the day. She slept because she worked nights as a nurse's aide at Jackson Memorial Hospital. She slept while she held onto the hand of the newest boy, who was her son Homer.

His full name was Homer Evans, and he was two years old. He had just entered the Roosevelt School for Exceptional Children. He had been afraid of the new school. He thought it was going to be another hospital, where he would be operated on again, as



been every summer. There would be pain again. Homer had lived with so much pain for so long—courageous boy who had been told that he *would never walk, never talk or—live.*

Today, at twenty-two, Homer was proved that all the doctors were wrong. He walks, talks, and lives to its fullest extent. He works at a job which he enjoys and himself. He asks for no special consideration for that job. In fact, he insists that the men treat him like they would everyone else. He is married and is very happy, living a well-adjusted life.

Homer gives credit to two sources for his accomplishments. One is his mother. The other is his faith in God.

He knew that his mother had been told when he was born that he wouldn't live. He weighed only one pound and three-quarters and even after he had been taken out of the incubator, he was not expected to live.

This medical opinion did not discourage Homer's mother. She knew only that he was her child and that she had faith in God.

Whenever she had a free moment, she read her Bible and prayed. She worked nights as a nurse's aide at Jackson Memorial Hospital, to help her husband provide for the needs of their family and pay Homer's medical expenses.

Today, her prayers have been answered. Her greatest wish has been rewarded. She sees her son walking occasionally without crutches or even a cane. She hears him talking without the blurring or hesitation that usually marks the speech of the child born with cerebral palsy. She watches his happiness with attentive eyes. Nineteen-year-old Gwendolyn, who married Homer in spite of warnings of her friends and family, simply because she "loved him so much."

Then taking out her Bible, Homer's mother opened it and read for Homer his favorite passage from John 3:16. . . . *"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. . . ."*

As she watched him go to an evening church service at the Gospel Hall, Mrs. Evans nodded her head. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. "You see, God did not fail me," she whispered.

Homer also attends services with his wife in the church into which she was born. It is the Brethren Baptist. He attends church services elsewhere. "There are a lot of preachers I like to hear," he said. "I have no prejudices. Each person has his own faith, and no one has a right to criticize. God made everybody."

It is this liberality of thought that gives you the first clue to his fine adjustment to life. His smile, big, broad one that lights up his whole face, might have tipped you off. So might Homer's casual admission that he walks the 120 foot length of the Aluminum Chair Manufacturing plant where he works as an assembler on his crutches "eighty or more times a day."

(Continued on page 26)




Homer and his wife Gwen have many hobbies which they share together. Raising flowers is one of them.



On rainy afternoons Homer and his family gather around the piano to sing favorite hymns.



# Surprise for Stephen



STEPHEN stirred slightly under the blue and white comforter his mother had made for him. Suddenly, he jerked to a sitting position. His eyes went round with realization.

"Oh, boy! It's come!" cried Stephen and leaped from his bed.

Barefooted, he pattered across the room and peered out the window. There was still just the tiniest drip from the corner eave, but the sky above was blue as cornflowers. A glorious day!

Stephen laughed aloud and watched a fat robin shake and splash in a shallow puddle just below him.

"Hi!" called Stephen to the milkman coming up the walk.

"Hi, yourself," returned the man.

"We need a lot of milk today, Mr. Milkman," said Stephen, trying to count the bottles in the milkman's basket.

The man hesitated. "You do, eh? And why, Sonny?"

Stephen took a long, deep breath

and spoke proudly. "Because I'm six years old today," he stated with satisfaction.

The milkman let out a jerky whistle. "Six! You don't say!"

"Dora needs milk for the cocoa," confided Stephen. "There will be me and Billy and Mitzi—the Jensen twins and Walter and Mommy and Dora, of course, and . . ." Stephen stopped suddenly and looked concerned. "Say, maybe you don't know about birthdays. Do you?"

The milkman pushed his cap far back on his head and considered. "Suppose you tell me."

Stephen beamed with importance. "Well, first there will be Mom and Daddy. They sing, 'Happy Birthday' when I go down for breakfast. Then Dora brings in the special pancakes. I love pancakes!" Stephen smacked his lips. "After we eat, Dora takes the dishes away, and Mom and I fix the table. We use Mom's best pink cloth and pink paper napkins. There will be little paper baskets with nuts in them and lots of big,

round balloons. When we are done, the kids come for lunch. Dora fixes lots of cocoa and sandwiches and . . ." Stephen had a pause for breath.

"And you'll have pink ice cream and a big cake with six candles and you'll open a lot of mysterious-looking packages," finished the milkman.

Stephen's eyes popped with delight. "Then you do know about birthdays. You do see how important they are."

"Sure thing," the man laughed and swung on toward the kitchen door. "Don't worry, fellow. I'll leave enough milk for the whole neighborhood."

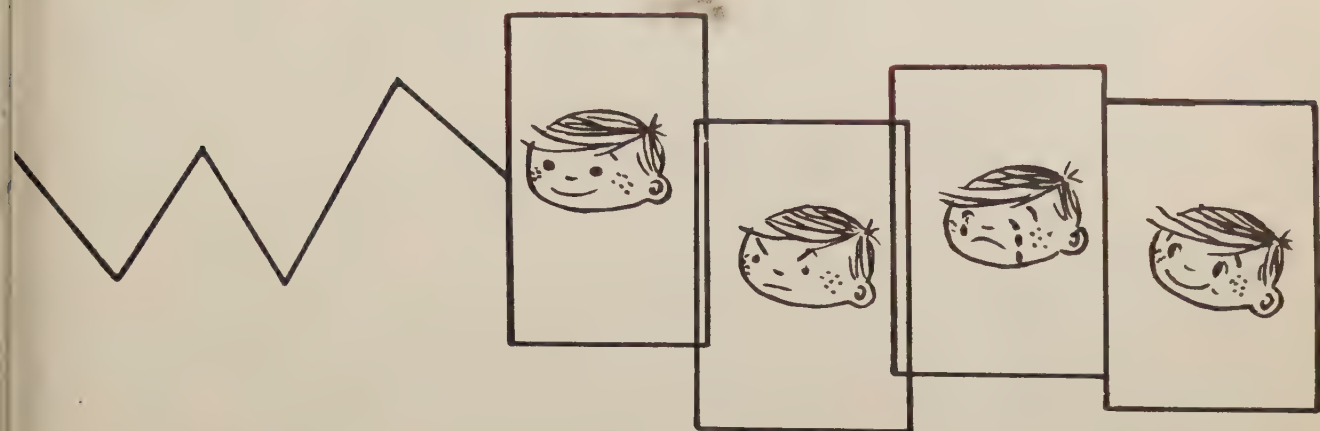
"Oh, thank you," cried Stephen. "Thank you, very much."

Stephen whirled back into the room and took off his pajamas. He drew a pale yellow jersey over his head and buttoned on blue denim. His fingers shook with excitement and got in his way, but at last he was finished dressing.

"Now," breathed Stephen. "Now" and he bounded down the



*Life looks pretty grim to a six-year-old boy  
who thinks that everyone has forgotten his birthday.*



stairs. The last few steps into the  
lining room were a magnificent effort  
at restraint.

"Morning," said Stephen  
brightly, shaking down the excitement  
that pressed hard for release.

"Good morning, dear," smiled  
Mother, with a quick once-over  
look.

Now it will come, thought  
Stephen and waited, beaming. But  
Mother was busy buttering the  
toast. A little bewildered, Stephen  
picked up his spoon and attacked  
his oatmeal in huge gulps.

"Take your time, Son," admon-  
ished Father. "We haven't said  
grace yet."

Stephen stared down at his plate  
obediently. Oatmeal! Where were  
Dora's special pancakes? Stephen  
felt a strange breathlessness and a  
sinking feeling in the pit of his  
stomach. When Father raised his  
head, Stephen tackled his toast  
with loud crunches. A bit of red  
jam slipped onto the green linen  
cloth, and Stephen thought of  
Christmas. No one ever forgot  
Christmas—no one had ever for-  
gotten his birthday before, but  
now. . . . In his distress Stephen  
choked, and uncontrollable tears  
swam in his blue eyes.

"Not so fast, Dear." Mother  
was patient.

Stephen listened to his parents  
chat gaily, and he felt very dismal.

"It's a fine day," Father was  
saying.

"Good for golf," sighed Mother.

Everything was as usual,  
thought Stephen, only today, it

good, but today he wanted to say  
something more—to say, "This is  
my birthday. Right today I  
changed to six. Did you—oh, did  
you forget?" Forget! The word  
was a tight, dry lump in his throat.  
He trembled and tried to speak,  
but Mother was rising, too.

"Finish slowly, Dear. I have to  
hurry now."

The swinging kitchen door gave  
a gentle swish behind her that  
seemed to push Stephen out. Alone  
and lost, no longer secure in the  
little world he knew best, Stephen  
sat there. Suddenly, he felt a  
flash of hatred for grownup in-  
difference to the important things  
of life. He wanted to disappear  
forever and ever.

Stephen slid from his chair.  
Avoiding Dora's broad person—  
she had forgotten him, too—he  
passed silently through the smell  
of newly ironed clothes in the work  
room and out onto the back porch.

Whispy leaned against the door.  
Whispy was a stubby little dog  
with a joyful tail that beat out a  
welcome for Stephen.

"No, Whispy, go away," mut-  
tered Stephen darkly.

But Whispy had never expe-  
rienced "no" for an answer. He  
continued his boisterous yips of

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## A STORY FOR ADULTS

by  
**Helen L.  
Renshaw**

---

shouldn't be, because today he  
was. . . .

"Be a good boy, Stevie." Father  
rumpled his son's hair. "I'll run  
along now."

"I will be good, Daddy." Stephen  
always promised to be



greeting and leaped high against the boy. Somehow the puppy's joy angered Stephen. He kicked out one small booted foot at Whispy's soft stomach. Animation left the puppy, and he took a few uncertain steps. Whining gently he crouched down. His stubby ears drooped, and the happy tail stopped wagging. Sad, almond eyes followed his master's retreating back, but Whispy made no motion to join him.

Stephen was ashamed of his sudden anger and bewildered, too. "I'm sorry, Whispy. I don't know why—I . . ." He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and trudged doggedly down the flagstone path.

Stephen knew exactly where he was going. Behind a pile of field stone there was a soft little bed of pink clover. No one would find him here. Stephen squatted down on his heels and then rolled over and lay flat on his back. The clover was fragrant, and a playful breeze twirled soft circles in his hair. A butterfly pelted past his cheek, but

Stephen didn't pay any attention to it.

Suddenly, the shattering blow of injustice and perplexity flooded his whole body. One tear trickled slowly down his flushed cheek. Stephen rolled over and pressed his hot face into the clover's cool sweetness. Then grief burst like an inflated balloon within him. Tears came, hot and violent, but somehow soothing. At last he sprawled there limp and tired.

Stephen felt that nothing would ever be right again. For a long time he lay there—almost forever, it seemed. Then his stomach hurt. Stephen sighed, a long deep sigh. It was time for lunch. Maybe he had missed lunch, and it was time for dinner. Alarmed now, he sat up. Then he got up and started toward the house.

Stephen was panting just a little now; so he paused beneath the dining room window. Then he rubbed his eyes and leaned close. Standing on tiptoe, he pressed his nose hard against the cool pane. It was all there! The table, gay with

snappers and ruffled baskets. Clouds of round balloons floated near the ceiling. Stephen wrinkled his nose. Even through the glass he could smell freshly cooked delicacies. Stephen trembled with joy. Then he saw the swinging door move inward, and Mother and Dora stood there.

Dora clasped plump hands and rocked slightly from side to side. "My land! Isn't it just grand Mrs. Edwards? Stevie will surely be surprised."

Mother laughed gaily and moved from place to place. "I wanted to surprise him this year." She paused and frowned. "But now I'm a little worried. Maybe little boys don't like surprises. Maybe he'd rather have helped me as he always has. I wonder where he is Dora?"

Dora shook her head. "Don't you fret, Mrs. Edwards. Stevie will just love your beautiful surprise and my big pink cake, too." She beamed and moved back into the kitchen.

Slowly, Stephen eased himself down and out of sight. He felt weak and had to lean against the house for support. Surprise? But a surprise was something you didn't know about. How could he help knowing when he had waited so long to be six? He supposed Mother had a reason for it; she always did have a reason. Well—if adults wanted it that way, he certainly wouldn't be a baby about it. Not when he was six. Maybe he could "pretend" he had forgotten. It seemed silly, but he certainly didn't want to make Mother lose that happy look; he wouldn't either.

Hope and a determination to understand this strange thing that was happening to him flamed through Stephen's slight body. He straightened his shoulders and held his head erect. Puckering his lips into a shrill whistle, Stephen swung nonchalantly up the walk to the big front door. He was going to be surprised. Yes, indeed! But nothing in all that strange adult world could quiet the delicious thrill of happy anticipation that was racing up his spine at that very moment.

## Old Baby Sitter

The baby nestled on her breast,  
As, calling back her cradle-lore,  
She made of arms a drowse-ful nest  
Such as she'd formed long years before:

She bathed the laughing three-year-old,  
She brushed the damp hair in a curl,  
The bedtime story that she told  
Once pleased another little girl:

She gazed down on each sleeping form  
As later by the cribs she stood,  
And felt once more about her, warm,  
The mantle of her motherhood. . . .

And thought, when she received her pay,  
"This should have been the other way!"

by Ina S. Stovall



# Let youth and age get together

W. G. Montgomery

I hope that writer was wrong who said, "Age is age and youth is youth, and the twain shall never meet." Well, it was I who said that several years ago, but now that I am older, I know better.

I know that age and youth must meet in order to achieve the best for both. If youth would look backward and age would look forward, both could meet on common ground.

Youth is in possession of dynamic powers which older people must have if they are to continue their flaming spirits; and youth needs to profit from the experience of older people to avoid the unnecessary upsets and failures they run into. Neither age nor youth can

do its best without the viewpoints of the other.

One source of confusion in the church school and religion in general today is the lack of adjustment we find between age and youth: between father and son, mother and daughter, and between older teachers and younger students.

Age and youth too often stand with backs together instead of side by side, facing the same way. Pulling in opposite directions, each adds to the common difference that separates the two.

On the other hand, progress picks up as age and youth begin to understand each other and pull together. Youth is often rash, in-

discreet, careless; but age also is in danger because each is going in an opposite direction. For this reason the safe way for both is to get together. This can be done, as difficult as it may seem.

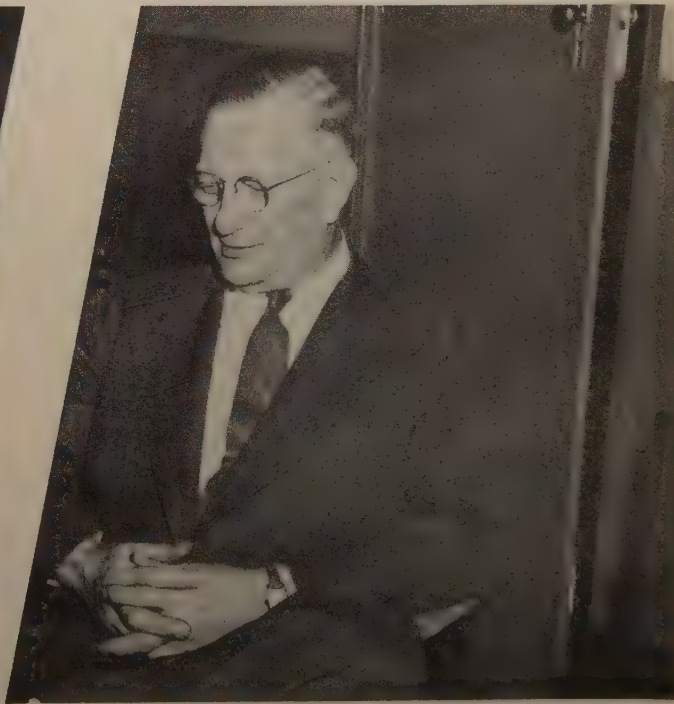
The danger of age is that its visions become dim, its fires become banked, and its torches go out. The temptation of age is to look backward and dream of past victories. So it is good for older persons now and then to be touched by the torch of the young so the path still ahead may be kept lighted.

Age is in danger of becoming satisfied with what it has done, while youth is full of adventure and is looking forward. Being ad-

(Continued on page 27.)

As soon as youth and age start working together harmoniously, they will discover that they have many common interests.

—photo by erb







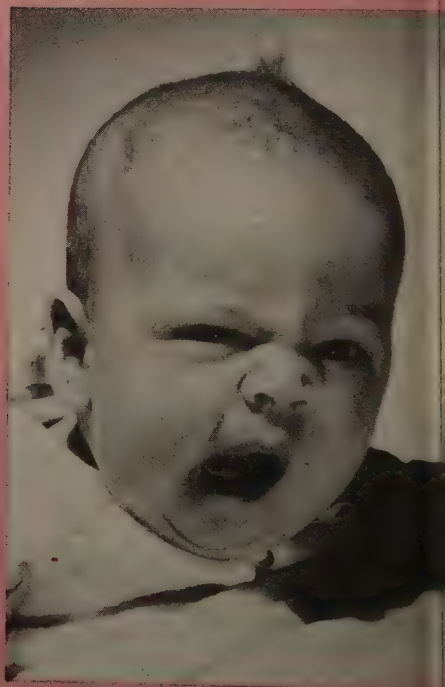
"Every child born into the world  
is a finer one than last."

—Charles Dickens



"Among the three or four million  
cradles now rocking in the land are  
some which this nation would pre-  
serve for ages as sacred things, if  
we could know which ones they  
are."

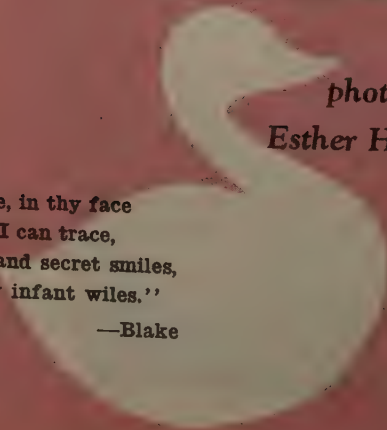
—Mark Twain



photos by  
Esther Henderson

"Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles."

—Blake







# *Babies...*

*are bits of star-dust blown from the hand of God.*

—Larry Barreto





# Freckles Visits the Children

by Anna Waggoner Carter

Freckles wanted to go back to his pasture, away from the children at the vacation church school.

--Illustrated by Fran Heron

"Ba-a-a," said Freckles, as he was lifted into the car and placed on the seat with Billy and his mother.

Freckles was a pet lamb. He was called by that name because he had a speckled woolly coat. He lived on a large farm, and all day long he ran and played with the other lambs in the green pasture. But one bright summer day Freckles had an unusual experience.

"You are going to town to visit the children who are at the vacation church school, Freckles," Billy explained, as the car rolled on the way. "The children want to see a real lamb," he added.

Freckles had never been in a car before. He had never moved so fast. But Freckles was not afraid.

As they rolled along the highway, they could smell the sweet summer breeze. Suddenly, they came upon a wide street with houses on each side. "This is our town, Freckles," said Billy. Freckles had never seen a town. He felt very strange.

Billy's car stopped in front of a large church. "Here we are, Freckles," Billy said, as he lifted the pet lamb from the car.

They could hear the children singing in the church. "We are going to play on the lawn. We thought Freckles would like the green grass," Billy said, as he handed his mother the chain attached to the collar about Freckles' neck.

Freckles started to follow Billy as he hurried into the church. The children stopped singing. Freckles could hear the birds twittering in the large tree on the lawn. He could smell the green grass. The sun shone very warm, but it was pleasant in the shade of the tree. Billy and the children came hurrying out. They gathered about Freckles. They wanted to feel his woolly coat and pat him gently.

"Ba-a-a," said Freckles.

How the children did laugh. But Freckles dropped

his head. He wondered what was so funny about his "ba-a-a."

"I wish I could have a pet lamb for my very own," Cathy said as she slipped her arm around Freckles.

The children showed Freckles how fast they could run. Davie and Tommy did a somersault for him. Betty, Ann, and Mary clasped hands and whirled around very fast. But Freckles lay down on the green grass.

"I think Freckles is tired," said Donald.

"If we all sit down, maybe he will rest," Martha suggested.

"Sometimes Miss Jane tells us a story when we are quiet," said Linda Lou.

Miss Jane, the teacher, smiled. She told the children a story about David who loved to care for the sheep and the little lambs out in the pasture. "David was called a shepherd," Miss Jane explained. Then it was time for the boys and girls to go back into the church.

"Good-by, Freckles," called Billy, as he hurried toward the door and into the church.

"Good-by, and thank you for coming to see us," Freckles," the children called, as they hurriedly followed Billy.

Freckles followed Billy's mother across the lawn to the car. Soon they were rolling over the street and out into the country. Freckles felt very safe on the seat near his driver. He could see the blue sky and fluffy white clouds. He could see tall trees and large fields as they moved along. Very soon the car stopped.

"Here we are, Freckles," Billy's mother announced. Sure enough, Freckles discovered he was back at his very own gate. Beyond it he could see his own green pasture. "Ba-a-a!" he said and just as the collar was lifted off his neck, Freckles went scampering through the gate out into the green pasture.



# Worship

## in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

### A Bible Verse

It is good to give thanks to the Lord.—Psalm 92:1.

### A Prayer

Thank you, God, for happy times in summer. I am glad we can talk to you any time and anywhere. Amen.

### A Table Grace

Dear God, when we're on a picnic

We like to think of thee

And thank you for the food we eat

And the beautiful things we see.

Thank you, God, for happy times in summer. Amen.

THEME  
FOR AUGUST

Any Time,  
Anywhere

### Little Miss I-Can-Do-It

"I can do it. I can pour the milk myself, Mommy," Cindy insisted, as she grasped the handle of the milk pitcher.

"My, you *are* a big girl," Mommy said, as Cindy set down the pitcher and picked up her full glass of milk with both hands.

"Milk is so good, Mommy," she said, as she set her glass on her small table.

Cindy and Mommy went into the yard. Clotheslines were stretched from post to post. A basket of wet clothes was near. Mommy picked up a bright colored towel from the basket and pinned it on the line.

"I can do it, Mommy. I want a line. I can pin things on the line, Mommy. I can do it," Cindy insisted.

Mommy stretched a line very low for Cindy. She set a pan of clothespins near by and a basket with little socks and hankies near Cindy's clothesline.

"See, Mommy. I can do it all by myself," Cindy reminded her mother as she pinned each piece

carefully on her clothesline.

The warm sun and the breeze soon had the clothes dry. Mommy pulled the clothespins off the line and handed them to Cindy to drop in the clothespin bag.

"I can do it. Mommy, see! I can do it all by myself," Cindy announced, as she pulled the pins off her small line and dropped the small pieces in the basket, and the pins in the clothespin bag.

Soon the basket and the clothespin bag were ready to be carried into the house. Mommy took down the clothesline and wound it into a large ball. She dropped it in the bag with the pins.

It was Daddy's morning at home. He came into the yard and carried the basket of clothes into the house for Mommy. "I think I shall work in the garden a bit," Daddy announced, and Cindy went running very fast to join him.

"This is a weed, Cindy. Flowers do not like weeds. We will pull them out," said Daddy, as he pulled them up with his fingers.

—Photo, Mrs. Earl C. Carr





"I can do it, Daddy. I can pull the naughty weeds all by myself," said Cindy.

Cindy liked to dig her fingers into the soil. "Here is a weed," Daddy pointed, and she grasped it. Out it came.

Daddy looked at his watch. Just then Mommy called from the kitchen door, "Lunch is ready. Come quickly and get your hands washed."

Daddy looked at his hands. Cindy looked at her hands. "We surely will have to wash our hands, Cindy," he reminded her.

"I can do it, Daddy. I can wash my hands all by myself," Cindy

said as she went running into the house.

Cindy climbed upon her stool at the basin. Soon her hands were nice and clean. It was such fun to wash the soil off with the sweet-smelling soap.

"See, Daddy, see. I can do it. I can wash all by myself," Cindy exclaimed, holding up two clean hands. "Daddy, wipe," she suggested, and Daddy dried the dripping water from her wrists.

"Cindy beat me, Mommy. She was first to get her hands washed," Daddy announced, as he and Cindy hurried to the lunch table.

"I beat Daddy, Mommy," Cindy repeated, holding up her two clean hands.

"Hm-m-m, looks like Mommy has a nice lunch for us, Cindy," Daddy said. "What shall we do before we eat this good lunch?" he asked.

Cindy folded her hands. "I can do it, Daddy. I can pray all by myself," she assured him.

Daddy and Mommy sat quietly with heads bowed while Cindy prayed:

"Thank you, God, for the food.  
And thank you for the nice yard.  
And the water and Mommy and  
Daddy. Amen."

## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### For Family Worship

#### Call to Worship:

Praise the LORD!

For it is good to sing praises  
to our God.—Psalm 147:1.

**Hymn:** Choose one of the follow-

ing from *Christian Worship*:

"For the Beauty of the Earth,"  
No. 167; "God Who Touchest  
Earth With Beauty," No. 315;  
"This Is My Father's World,"  
No. 171; "My God, I Thank  
Thee, Who Hast Made," No. 109.

**Meditation:** Use one of the stories  
given on these pages or create  
one of your own.

**Song:** "Anytime, Anywhere" (from  
this page, or select one of the  
hymns listed above).

**Poem:** "How Strong and Sweet"

The family in the picture below is having fun on a picnic.

—David W. Corson from A. Devaney





My Father's Care" (on this page).

**Prayer:** God, our Father, we are glad that we can talk to you at anytime and anywhere. It makes us feel secure to know that you are always near. Help us to remember to pray wherever we may be. Amen.

## How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care

How strong and sweet my Father's care,

that round about me, like the air,  
s with me always, everywhere.

He cares for me.

—Anonymous

## The Family Picnic

"Come on, Bobby, we're almost ready to go," called Helen to her young brother.

"I have to get my boat first," said Bobby, and he started into the playroom to pick up his prized possession.

Today was Saturday. It was a bright, sunshiny day. Just a perfect day for a picnic, and the Adamses were going on a picnic! Mother had packed the lunch. Daddy had bought a watermelon. Helen, Bobby, Mother, and Daddy had all put on their picnic clothes, and now they were ready to go!

The drive in the car was not long, and it seemed even shorter than it was because all along the way everyone tried to use his eyes and his ears as much as possible. There are so many wonderful things to see and hear in the summertime.

Daddy stopped the car under the shade of a tree. All the family helped to carry the lunch and picnic supplies to the soft, dry, grassy spot beside the lake.

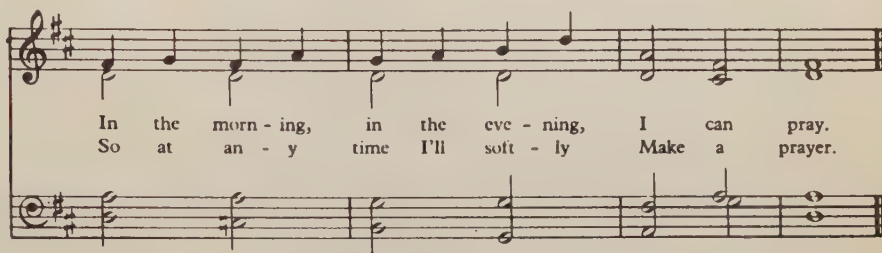
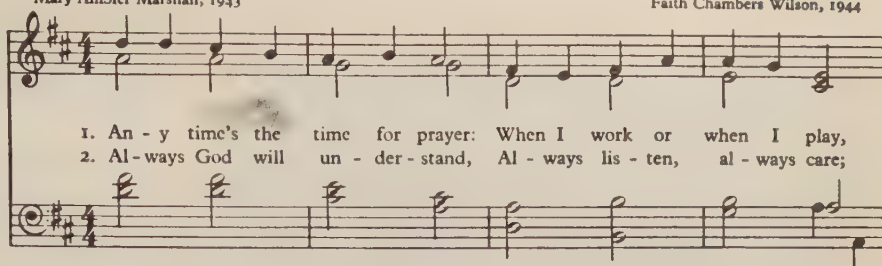
Bobby carried his sailboat ever so carefully. "When can I sail my boat?" he asked.

"After we eat lunch, we will have all afternoon to sail your boat," said Daddy. "Won't that be fun?"

## Any Time's the Time for Prayer

Mary Ambler Marshall, 1943

Faith Chambers Wilson, 1944



Words and music copyright, 1946, by The Westminster Press.

"Oh, boy," said Bobby. "Let's eat now."

"Just a minute," laughed Mother. "We do have to get the food out of the basket, you know. Helen will help me, and we'll have it ready in almost no time at all. While you are waiting, why not see how many beautiful things you can find to point out to the rest of us?"

"Oh, look at the flowers," Bobby exclaimed almost immediately. Everyone stopped to look, too.

"What beautiful water lilies!" said Mother. "This is really a lovely place for a picnic, isn't it?"

Bobby continued to explore the surroundings, looking for beautiful things to show the rest of the family. Helen helped Mother spread the lunch cloth on the grass and to put the food, paper plates, and napkins on the cloth.

Finally, everything was ready, and Mother called to Daddy and Bobby. "Come on, you men folk, we are ready to eat."

"Goody," said Bobby, "then we can sail my boat."

Each person sat down, and Bobby reached for a cheese sandwich.

"Wait a minute, Bobby," said Helen. "We haven't said grace."

"But we're not at home," said Bobby. "We're not at the table. We're on a picnic."

"You are right, Son. We are not at home, and we are on a picnic," said Daddy, "but we are thankful for good food to eat, and whenever we feel glad for anything, we can say thank you to God, wherever we are."

"Even on a picnic?" asked Bobby.

"Yes, even on a picnic," said Daddy.

The Adamses bowed their heads, and Daddy said a prayer of thanks.

## Prayer for Children

Thank you, God, for home and food,

Thank you for your care,

May your loving-kindness reach

Children everywhere.

Bless the children in this town,

Bless those far away,

Give your gentle love to all

Now and every day.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson



## Study Article and Guide

### for Parents' Groups

by

**Dorothy B. Meister**

**A**RE you the kind of neighbor you would like to have living next door to you?

Do you strive to have a friendly, cheerful disposition? Have you a healthy respect for the property rights and the privacy of others? Are you guided by a sympathetic and moral concern for the happiness of all people? Yes?

Then, ten to one, you are a good neighbor!

Wholesome neighborly relationships are a positive necessity in these days of close proximity. Few families are not affected in their daily life by immediate neighborhood environment.

"Getting along with the neighbors" is an art for all families to learn these days. Wise are the parents who cultivate neighborly attitudes. They teach their children to appreciate the value of specific techniques for making and keeping friends.

Developing practical ways of dealing with neighborhood situations calls for evaluation of the Christian principle, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Mistakes in putting this into practice are legion. Witness the "bossy," intrusive, or unduly critical neighbor who has misinterpreted this commandment.

Parents can teach children by their own example ways to build up good attitudes. They make good

her own yard and offered it to the angry man. Puffed, he muttered that she should have better control over the "young rascals."

The Lesters held a conclave after supper. The boys admitted their faults. As Fred put it, "I didn't do that on purpose, but he's so unfriendly we just naturally try to irritate him sometimes."

It was pointed out that Mrs. Franklin had been ill for some time. Her husband may have grown "out of sorts" with noisy children during her convalescence. Shamefacedly, the boys decided to remedy the situation.

# G

## etting along with

choices. They think of others with understanding. Last but not least, they "get around" difficulties that cause friction and find the reasons why people feel and act as they do.

A common cause is difference in outlook or philosophy. This often stems from illness, hardship, or insecurity of some other kind.

Mrs. Franklin seemed to dislike children. She never spoke to them if she could help it. Her husband chased children from the sidewalk in front of his home. He complained about their noise.

The new neighbors, the Lesters, noticed these things with misgiving. The two Lester boys, ten and fourteen years, were well-trained but boisterous. One day young Fred ran into a bush with his bike, and Mr. Franklin's wrath broke loose, accompanied by fist shaking.

The boys' mother dug up a choice azalea bush from

Young Fred offered to rake the yard every week. This would give Mr. Franklin more time in his garden. Bob worked part time at the grocery and thought he could save Mrs. Franklin many trips to the store. Mrs. Lester visited her neighbor the next morning and the boys' offers were accepted.

A mutual interest in cooking led to other visits. Mrs. Franklin, a shy person, was encouraged to join a church group. Gradually, a lasting friendship developed between the two families. Mr. Franklin's brusque manner softened as his wife's health was restored. He became attached to the two boys who now understood him.

A second cause of friction may be conflicting ideas about child training. Time after time, parents are called on to put themselves in another's place. The ability to accept helpful criticism and to do something about it is worth cultivating. For our own



children may be a mixed blessing to our dearest neighbor!

Four-year-old Timmy was a neighborhood joy—at least until through intimacy he became unpredictable. One day he turned on the hose in every yard on the block, and the neighborhood water bill reached new high.

He entered kitchens, opened refrigerators, and helped himself to what met his fancy.

It dawned on his distracted parents that Timmy was spoiled. Open to suggestion, they fenced in the backyard. As Timmy's father put it, wryly, "We rounded him!"

A swing, sandbox, and other interests diverted Timmy. Once again he was accepted by neighborhood "society," whereas a succession of spankings might have been the net result of other methods.

His mother exclaimed, "I'm glad our friends helped us over that hurdle. Tim was getting to be the Number 1 neighborhood nuisance."

Young parents, overly sensitive, might profit by that observation. True, older neighbors may offer well-meant advice, occasioned by longer experience; but it is good for families to examine it for what it's worth. Allow, of course, for human failings it may reflect.

Pets frequently spark a "falling out" among neighbors. Mrs. Benson did not like cats, and a coolness developed in her attitude toward the people next



—photo by erb

Informal chats "over the back fence" help to stimulate neighborliness.

# e neighbors

door when they acquired one. "Mittens," who was much loved by the children, sharpened her claws on a young elm tree planted in Mrs. Benson's front yard.

A rubber tubing placed around the base of the tree by her neighbor failed to appease Mrs. B. Then Cathy Benson was given a puppy by her grandparents. This brought about a new understanding.

"I never knew how much a pet meant to a child," she admitted in friendly apology, "or I never would have been so bitter. If our pup digs any more holes in your yard, we will restrict him. Just let me know."

Pets are a responsibility, especially if they run wild. So are chickens and other animals that trespass on the property of neighbors. Families who want to raise chickens or rabbits would do well to move to a country area not so thickly populated. A



family living in an apartment should think twice about having big pets.

Often substituting another type of pet pleases the child just as much. Parakeets, hamsters, or even tropical fish may be the answer in a neighborhood teeming with dogs and cats.

Children need to respect the rights of others. They should recognize the value of compromise as an instrument of peace. This applies not only in neighborhoods. It also applies in the larger world of business or international affairs. It cannot be learned too early.

Too, children must learn to accept a polite "NO, thank you" as a legitimate refusal when they are selling something. Neighbors are beset with requests to buy Girl Scout cookies and tickets to fish fries or other church and school affairs. It is a wise parent who limits the times a child may sell from door to door.

A neighbor should not feel forced to buy a ticket so that he will be on good terms with Johnny's par-

ents. Not understanding the fine point of behavior a child may return home hurt, saying, "Mrs. M didn't buy a ticket to the school play!" An alert parent will prepare a child for such rejects.

Finally, nonprobing, genuine interest in a neighbor's problems can produce the highest kind of relationship. Returning home from the hospital after an operation, I found a beaming family and a clean home. Some neighbors had "come to the rescue" of my anxious husband. A "welcome home" gift from another neighbor turned out to be a dinner, rushed in "courses" across the street.

Acts such as these arouse feelings of deep appreciation and faith in people. They are never forgotten.

Simple favors build up a feeling of "belongingness" among neighbors. A child may be sent a card on the event of his graduation or for some special honor, as receiving a Scout badge. A husband may be invited to dinner when his wife is away. Flowers

(Continued on next page.)

## Study Guide

### I. Leader's Preparation.

The subject of this study article, "Getting Along with the Neighbors," offers excellent opportunity to church families to discuss relationships that may exist outside the range of immediate church friendships.

Such discussion offers a variety of viewpoints that may be clarified in the light of common Christian principles. It can help solve many problems of group living. The leader should recognize the fact that the conduct of the meeting is important to specific conclusions reached.

First of all, each church family should have a chance to read the

article before the meeting night.

The part that good neighborhood relationships play in larger world unity might be studied in men's classes and women's groups as a missionary theme.

### II. Consideration of the Article.

1. "What is a good neighbor?" This question sets the tone of the meeting. A good neighbor has moral concern for others, respects their privacy and property, and develops techniques for making and keeping friends.

2. In what ways can a family as a whole apply the precept, "Love thy neighbor"?

(Continued on page 28.)

## When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

### Conduct a Story Hour.

Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

### Guide in Making Articles.

Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

**Direct Games.** Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

### Lead a Missionary Project.

For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.



om a neighbor's garden, too, make any occasion stive.

In true neighborly relations prejudice and stubborn ideas lose ground. Snap judgments lose favor. Moral concern "sets in"!

Ten-year-old Michael rushed into the kitchen where his mother was mixing a cake batter. "I talked with the new girl next door," he stated. "She's Jewish." Then he asked, "Our church school class is studying about the synagogue. The rabbi has invited us to the Feast of the Booths. Do you think we could take her with us?"

"You might ask her," his mother said, smiling. Michael hurried off on his errand.

Shortly afterward, Michael's mother met her new neighbor. "Thank you for your kindness to my daughter," she said warmly. "You made her feel at home in a strange place."

Kindnesses are gestures of the spirit making our lives happier. Yet, there are times when no amount of effort seems to improve a situation where tensions are great. We cannot always solve a problem, but

we can "get around it." By prayerful effort we can justify the principles we live by.

Planting shrubbery or trees too close to a property line may create trouble. So may wayward children whose parents work and cannot supervise their activity suitably. Such situations challenge us to use a direct approach without rancor. How often a child who seems to deserve love the least needs it the most! This may apply to your nearest neighbor.

Let us remember one thing. In good neighborly relationships friendship is not offered in a bartering way. Do not be the kind of neighbor who will not accept a favor without returning one immediately. Allow others the joy of giving. For once, be happily "indebted."

When we truly "get along with the neighbors," we accept their "give and take." They accept ours. This acceptance puts us at ease, deepening our knowledge of human nature. It teaches us what neighborliness really is—not intrusion or imposition, but love freely given and as freely received.

## BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Old time money bag -----	120 14 103 42 47
B A sweet from the jar on the pantry shelf -----	66 5 45 35 84 21
C Hard to manage -----	51 17 64 69 29 117
D Tear up by the roots -----	57 22 6 53 72 44
E To follow, or chase -----	104 75 31 91 87 10
F Small prairie wolf -----	92 74 55 80 26 50
G Sounded the horn -----	2 93 54 19 78 7
H An infant -----	101 27 38 9 60
I Take the cord or rope off -----	94 111 86 48 116
J Any person -----	34 59 13 30 95 3
K Later than -----	122 40 96 102 81
L Hurries -----	89 114 121 70
M An eagle's claw -----	71 41 79 56 100
N To direct or steer -----	63 109 90 18 62
O Opposite of light, in weight -----	37 28 110 115 23
P Not old -----	73 118 25 106 113

Q Lowly, not proud -----	77 15 33 61 4 43
R Nut for a squirrel -----	52 20 58 49 119 1
S What ivy sometimes is -----	88 24 67 46 68 98
T Small, round and shiny, like some eyes -----	8 97 16 82 107
U Jumping insects -----	85 83 124 65 11
V Flag signals, or telegraph signals -----	123 108 32 36 12
W Small leaping animals -----	76 105 99 112 39

(Solution on page 28)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120



**Homer Evans**  
who was born  
with cerebral palsy  
(Continued from page 11)

He makes light of what another might call a grueling chore. "Yes, I do walk a pretty good distance during the day," Homer answered. "It hurt me at first, but I had to work, and there's no easy job in life."

How does he get the strength to do it? "If I make up my mind to do it, I can," answered the slender twenty-two-year-old man, who at twelve was too frightened to go to school alone.

"The fellows at work don't try to pick things up for me," he went on. "I have to do it myself. And I like them because of it. They don't treat me as though I were handicapped."

Here Homer paid an affectionate tribute to his young bride of a year. "My Short Change here," he ruffled her dark hair with his hand. "She helps me with my legs. She gives me treatments to limber them up."

Swimming in the ocean, horseback riding, fishing, and hunting, all of these normal sports are Homer's. He finds the first two very good for his legs. All of them are good for his morale.

"When Homer was little, he always played football with the boys," his mother related with pride. "He would play right along with them, even if he got hurt."

Homer nodded his head at that, but the affectionate bear hug that he gave his mother indicated that she was more responsible than he was for this courage.

"Sure I got biffed up," Homer admitted. "But it doesn't help you to get mad when you fall; so I'd just smile."

Homer kept right on smiling, even though he had to have an operation on his legs every summer until he was eighteen years old. He is now able to discard his crutches occasionally and use only a cane. The evening I visited at his home, he discarded the cane, too, and walked into the house without it.

"One summer I was in a cast from the tips of my toes to my arm pits," Homer grinned at the

painful recollection. "I never had the chance much to feel sorry for myself though," he continued. "You see, I had brothers and sisters, and they wouldn't let me get to be a cry-baby."

This last was an exaggeration on his part, Homer's wife said. "He's come a long way himself, even in the three years I've known him." There was great love in her face as she looked at him with her big dark eyes.

This love has sent her to work daily as a bookkeeper so they can soon afford a home of their own. "And some children; a boy like Homer and maybe a little girl," her smile was shy. "That's to begin with."

Until that time, they are living with Homer's parents. Behind the little house, there is a tiny garden, which Homer and his wife have

#### ***It's a fact:***

***The word "travel"  
literally means "anguish."***

made beautiful. "Both of us like flowers," he said. "So we raise orchids, roses, poinsettias, and double purple hibiscus."

On alternate week ends Homer helps his wife with the house cleaning, washing, and ironing. The other week ends Homer goes fishing or hunting. "I just taught Short Change how to fish in fresh water," he brought out his fishing rods to show them off. Then with pride, he added, "She sure picked it up quick."

Never during any of these week ends is church neglected. Both Homer and his wife attend church in the morning and in the evening on Sunday.

Although he goes fishing with his wife, hunting is a strictly-for-men-only hobby with Homer. For this sport he chooses his friend Ray Brewer, a polio victim, who also uses crutches.

Ray Brewer has much in common with Homer besides his memories of their days as classmates at the Roosevelt School for Exceptional Children.

Like Homer, Ray has a very

cheerful outlook on life. He wears a smile as big and charming as Homer's. His handicap has not kept him from making a successful adjustment to life. Like Homer, he got his own job as a clerk in the shop office of the Bushnell Steel Company.

Like Homer, he asks no favor of any man because of his handicap. He works in one of the biggest steel yards in Atlanta. During one average day Ray walks great many miles in doing his work, which includes making out accident reports, giving first aid, running the fagging machine for reinforcing steel, acting as timekeeper, routing orders, routing jobs, and answering the phone "about 500 times a day."

He is every bit as ambitious as Homer, too, for he is going to night school to study engineering. Like Homer, he enjoys "anything mechanical." His hopes are to "be moved up front into the engineering department."

Homer's wish is just as ambitious, but it is directed toward his own enterprise. He wants to open a shop of his own where he will be "a specialist in carbureters." His two other wishes are to own his own home and to make his legs stronger.

As the two boys sat in the living room of Homer's home, they recalled many of the things they used to do together when they attended Roosevelt School for Exceptional Children. "We rode to and from school together," Ray began.

"And we ran the printing press," Homer added.

"And we used to run the camera at the clinic," Ray went on, telling how he and Homer and countless thousands of handicapped boys and girls are helped annually by the Crippled Children's Society of Greater Miami. The latter's income comes from the annual sale of Easter Seals.

"We varnished all the bookshelves and desks at school," Homer said.

"And we would go to all the football games together," Ray added, and then he asked Homer if he wanted to go fishing soon.

Homer said yes and brought out his fishing tackle. The two boys

(Continued on page 28)



## Let Youth and Age Get Together

(Continued from page 15.)

adventurous, youth will make mistakes. It always has and always will in a world like this. Older people are afraid of mistakes. They made them when they were young, and they know. So they would hold youth back in the well-trodden path of other generations.

Age often tries to explain youth in the light of its own past experiences instead of in terms of present-day living; and present life cannot be adjusted to the experiences of fifty years ago. The difficulties of that day may not be the same ones youth faces now. Nor can the codes and standards of that time be set up boldly and uncompromisingly for this day.

Young people cannot do today just as their parents did. To attempt it would put an end to all progress, growth, and expansion. It would mean that instead of the world's being a place of spiritual life, it would soon become a museum of antiques, relics, and fossils, an image of extinct glories.

Instead of this static something of today, we behold youth coming over the hills on tiptoe at the rising of the morn. Its eye is clear, its hand is steady, and its heart is pure. These young people can be trusted, too. They are looking forward to a better, a more just and humane way of life. Youth is inspired with hope; immortal new is upon its spirit. It longs for great living, heroic deeds; it has visions plentiful.

Yet, youth is sometimes too sure of the path ahead. Its mistake is that of discounting the value of experience. Sometimes it thinks of age as old-fashioned, of fathers and mothers as being out of date. This may be partly true.

It is also doubly true that most of the great fundamental principles of life are old-fashioned. A thing may be new and true, but being new doesn't make it true. Methods change with every generation, but principles remain eternal; and youth, in its rashness and eagerness for quick results, may overlook principles.

Age is naturally conservative, and it may lose its zest for humanity by too much association with material things. While youth often values life more than property, age may settle down with its earthly possessions, dream about them, and find its comfort in them.

On the other hand, youth likes to make experiments, not even counting the cost. It looks the world in the face unafraid. All it has at stake now is itself. It counts its life as nothing if others can be saved by its sacrifices.

What age needs most, I think, is this same adventurous spirit of youth, a newness of life; and what youth needs is caution and the wisdom to practice all the good things

**It's a fact:**

***The word "money"  
literally means "advice."***

which age has found out through bitter tears. Give age the boldness of youth and youth the solidity of age, and you begin to approach the ideal life.

Jesus had the daring spirit of youth, adventure, the far-off look in his eye; but he also conserved all that was good of the past. "I am come," said he, "not to destroy but to fulfill." Here is the happy medium where age and youth must see to achieve the highest and best for all.

While youth is essentially spiritual and refreshing as a mountain brook, it needs to look back now and then to the old landmarks. It still needs to set its compass by the stars of heaven instead of the comets that are here today and gone tomorrow. The fathers discovered many facts of life which youth needs to use. It's the part of good sense for youth to profit by the experience of its elders and thus to avoid many mistakes the fathers made.

If age would quit thinking of youth as radical, young upstarts, if youth would cease thinking of the fathers as fossils, and if they both began working together, we would soon have a better world.

Now, in order for the twain to meet, a few things must be done. Youth will need to be more cautious and respectful of the viewpoints of older people, while age will need to be more tolerant of youth, open-minded, and less critical. Each will need to see the other's side and respect its worth.

Age will need to speed up a little, become more liberal, perhaps; while youth will need to slow down and become more conservative. Both age and youth are in the right, and both are in the wrong. Halfway between the two is perhaps the safest and sanest ground.

Each is rich in the wealth we all need. Yet if we turn the world over to youth alone, it would run away, maybe smash in pieces on an impractical idealism; and if we turn it over to age alone, all of us would probably die of dry rot. If we remove the antagonisms now existing between the two; if we let them agree to disagree about some things; if we let them be tolerant of each other's opinions, with each accepting gladly all the good in the other, we would soon have such a world as the poets have dreamed about.

I'm sure that age and youth can meet on common ground and both face the same way. Years do not make the difference. It's the attitudes each takes toward the world and toward each other; and giving both age and youth right attitudes is an important part of religious leadership.

I am sure that if youth and age would get together and face the same way, the church and school and all other religious activities would take on new life. In most churches today we have the spectacle of age and youth meeting in the aisles, one coming in, the other going out. Why not have them all going in the same direction? They can if they will get together.



## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24.)

3. Some common causes of friction among neighbors are cited: differences in ways of life or philosophy; unasked-for advice from neighbors; sensitivity of families with children to criticism of their offspring; illness and insecurity; trespassing pets.

4. Respect for the rights of others cannot be learned too early in the neighborhood setting. Do you give sufficient explanation to your child about people and their problems so that he is considerate of property and privacy? Do you limit the scope of your child's projects and activities, such as selling things from door to door?

Have you taught your child to understand some of the reasons why people feel and act the way they do?

5. Problems that call for study may arise from a number of causes requiring both arbitrary compromise and direct action. Solutions may be reached if reasonable methods, untinted by bitterness, are employed.

Do you know of experiences where constant tension exists between neighbors for such reasons as trespassing, planting of shrubbery close to property lines, and so on?

Are hard-to-manage children often the cause of unhappiness in a neighborhood? What are some worth-while ways of reaching wayward children? Direct approach, getting to know them better, inviting them to church school or parties—are these good ways to be “on good terms” with children?

6. Techniques for getting along with neighbors may be emphasized by the leader as a way of starting the following discussion period along the right channels of thought.

a) Developing the ability to put oneself in another's shoes.

b) Learning to meet a situation with constructive help when it is needed.

c) Learning to accept friendly criticism with gratitude.

d) Learning to accept individual differences as natural and desirable.

e) Renewing our acceptance of the fact that giving oneself helps the giver. It makes us happy to do things for others without hope of return.

f) Avoiding the pitfall of forcing one's attentions on another and of “bossiness” in neighborly friendships.

### III. Group Discussion Period.

The leader may open the program with Scripture relating to the theme. Suggested passages are Romans 13:8, 10 and Matthew 22:36-40.

The family groups may then be divided up into three “buzz” sessions, each with a chairman previously instructed by the leader.

1. *First Group.* The neighborhood is a small laboratory for creative social living. It requires certain rules which people must observe in order to derive premiums for happiness. This group may formulate rules, founded on basic Christian principles, which might apply to an ideal neighborhood situation.

Learning situations for wholesome neighborhood living may be

(Continued on page 30.)

### ● Hey! Work Is Fun!

(Continued from page 3.)

Bob, Mary, and Betty were children, they could not work. They had to be cared for constantly. Their mothers and fathers stayed at home night after night and took care of them instead of attending social functions. Responsibility was the reason. The responsibility, while it meant work—and constant and hard work at that—was lightened by love.

The children's needs came first. Mother and Dad sacrificed and worked for those they loved best; but they found in that sacrifice a deeper meaning in life than would otherwise have been possible.

Being a teen-ager is not without its heartaches. When one is young and lacks experience, a single defeat seems to be a catastrophe. When one learns that “hard work” is usually the best reaction to troubles and problems, and, that it can be enjoyable, life takes on new meaning. What once

seemed work is no longer drudgery, monotony, and endless toil. It is instead a pleasure. When work becomes a pleasure, then life becomes more satisfying.

Work brings happiness. Not the kind of happiness that is here today and gone tomorrow, but the kind that gives one a sense of inner worth because he sees his opportunities, and he uses them and serves the interests of others—those he loves and his fellow-man.

### ● Homer Evans

who was born  
with cerebral palsy

(Continued from page 26)

talked fishing with Homer's father until his sister came in with her baby.

The infant immediately became the center of attention.

After Homer's sister put her baby to bed, she came into the living room and seated herself at the piano. As the family gathered around her, she began to play hymns.

When the hymns were over, Homer's mother took her well-worn Bible from the little table beside her armchair. She opened it, and then a hush fell on the living room. In her soft voice she began, “The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.”

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram on page 25

SOLUTION: “The Lord bless you and keep you: The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you: The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.” (Numbers 6, 24-26)

### The Words

A Pouch	L Hies
B Cookie	M Talon
C Unruly	N Guide
D Uproot	O Heavy
E Pursue	P Young
F Coyote	Q Humble
G Honked	R Peanut
H Child	S Poison
I Untie	T Beady
J Anyone	U Fleas
K After	V Codes

W Toads





# Family Counselor

WHAT would you suggest when you live next door to two people who have no children and who agitate everything? They see all, hear all, tell all, more, too—the way they choose to see it. . . . A little girl cannot play in the yard without their telling her what to do. I don't care if she climbs trees or makes messes. She plays in mud all the time. Today she climbed up in the tree and swung like a monkey. She is four and enjoys getting up trees. I've never discouraged her from playing this way, as I felt she would do it anyway. I didn't want her to feel she was doing wrong. Under a strain could be dangerous, but she's at home, and I watch her. If it were something important, I would even appreciate their help, but it's always trivial.

I discovered I had a new problem today and did not know what to think. My child sassied her when she told her she would fall. She said, "It's my tree, and I can climb in it if I want. I climb at Grandma's, and I can climb my own tree." It developed into an argument and ended up with her getting upset and losing her balance, which caused her to fall. She was not hurt but ran to tell me the neighbor would not let her play—the neighbor trailing along to give me the other side, not telling it correctly, as I heard it all. We always played dumb in order not to agitate my next-door neighbor. I also calmly told my child it was not nice to talk back to her elders, but at the same time I was a bit proud of her spunk. I never let my neighbor know I know she lies, as I feel that I can get along better that way. They pick on my child all the time, and I don't want her to be disrespectful to elders. It's not done in the nature of help but childish quarreling.

IT IS not surprising that you should be irritated by the behavior of your neighbors toward your little girl. I get the impression, however, that in spite of your irritation, you are handling the situation admirably in so far as your outward behavior is concerned. For example, you are wise in not accusing them of falsehoods, and in suggesting calmly to your daughter that she should not "talk back to her elders."

Your problem, it seems to me, is primarily that of putting yourself to the place where you both expect and accept without too much inner hostility the behavior of your neighbors. After all, they have no children of their own and thus are likely to expect together too much of your child. Continue to let your little girl do what you consider to be wise, such

as climbing and playing in the mud, and do not let yourself become unduly disturbed by your neighbor's criticism. It may be, however, that you can talk with them sometime about what you permit your daughter to do and the reasons you do so. If you can do this in a friendly way, they may develop greater understanding of child behavior than they now have. If they do not respond, you will need to develop the patience just referred to. If the situation becomes unbearable, especially for your daughter, you may want to consider moving.

One additional word. You do not say whether or not you have any social and friendly contacts with your neighbors. It might help deliberately to try to develop a more neighborly spirit with them. Have them in your own home for dinner and for a pleasant social evening. If you don't have a "fence to talk over," be on the lookout for informal situations.

*Donald M. Maynard*

**WILBUR**





# The Sly Husband



Observing my wife at her dish-  
washing, I  
Am prompted to ask if she wants  
me to dry.  
Of course, I'm aware that her sys-  
tem is one  
That never yet called for this task  
to be done;  
The dishes, before they are placed  
on the shelves,  
Are rinsed and allowed to get dry  
by themselves!

—Richard Wheeler

## Study Guide

(Continued from page 28.)

cited, such as the examples of Mrs. Benson and her adjustment to pets; Mr. Franklin and his sick wife; the Lesters with their family of growing boys.

Each church family represented in the first group may take part in presenting these points. Points listed from the magazine article will make an outline for their use.

2. *Second Group.* This group may be identified as the Grievance Committee. Numerous situations arise in neighborhood living that cause friction. Some of these causes are easily removed with a little conscientious effort. Some are difficult problems that this group may offer in the form of case studies for solution. The problems listed should be familiar to church families in this second group. In fact, it is better if they draw on personal experience.

3. *Third Group.* This "buzz" group may be referred to as the Board of Review. Taking up each case presented by the Grievance Committee, members of this group should offer both the right and the

wrong way to get at the root of the problems brought up. Several such problems may be successfully handled in the length of time provided.

All groups will be prepared for their reading for answering on the spur of the moment. Personal experiences add spontaneity, color, and humor. When a solution is questionable, members of the first group may voice an opinion about principles of good relationships involved.

The leader, as the Voice of Experience, may find it is a good idea to restate the purposes of the program before the discussion gets under way. These may be referred to in this manner: (1) introduction of basic rules for getting along with neighbors by the first group; (2) presentation of problems that create friction by the Grievance Committee (second group); and (3) right and wrong ways to handle these particular cases by the third group, or Board of Review.

The leader will recognize when the subject matter has been exhausted and may close the discussion with a few words, followed by a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's Creed  
has lent.

All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

While there are films and books relating to the theme, all very worth while, the number of actual experiences to which families may refer should make a full program with much discussion. Any additional material is unnecessary.

## IV. Evaluation of the Church's Contribution Toward Good Neighborhood Relationships

The obligations of church families to respect the beliefs of others may be stressed. The need for each individual to live by the principle "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a tenet of mental health. "Getting along" with those around us—in the home, in the neighborhood, in the world—is a social necessity for a happy life.

## Give HEARTHSTONE for a Gift!

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## For Children

**Maple Sugar for Windy Foot,** Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. Published by Littlesey House, New York. 184 pages. \$2.00.

Here is a book that girls and boys from ten to fifteen years of age will enjoy. It is a tale of Vermont and its maple sugar roads; of Toby, Betsy, and Sunny Clark and their Shetland pony, Windy Foot. The account of the "sugaring-off" process and the party that went along with it will make any youngster wish he could share in such fun. The book winds up in a thrilling climax built around a spring flood which swept down upon the little valley where the Clarks lived.

Two other books in the "Windy Foot" series by the same author are **Windy Foot at the County Fair** and **Sleigh Bells for Windy Foot**. Lee Townsend's illustrations add to the interest of the book.

Every child loves a pet of his own. **Pets for Peter**, by Jane Werner (Simon and Schuster, unpaginated, 25 cents) tells of a little boy whose father asked him what he would like for a pet. He looks over all the animals and finally decides that a dog, which he hasn't looked at, is what he wants. And that is just what he gets. Aurelius Battaglia has drawn the nice pictures.

Adults so often ask children, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" **When I Grow Up**, by Kay and Harry Mace (Simon and Schuster, unpaginated, 25 cents), tells of all the things a child might sometimes think he wanted to be. Christopher finally decided he would just wait until he grew up to decide. Right now he wanted to be a little boy. The charming pictures, by Corinne Malvern, make the story real to children who cannot yet read.

## For Adults

**Jews in Transition**, by Rabbi Albert I. Gordon, published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 331 pages. Price \$4.00.

Although this is not necessarily a book for family reading, it is one which parents could well read for the benefit it gives of increasing understanding in an area where misunderstanding is too widespread. The book will help non-Jews appreciate their Jewish neighbors much better. Chapters of especial interest to families are "From the Cradle to the Grave," "The Family and the Home," "Father, Son, and Grandson," "Intermarriage Is a Problem," and "German-American Family." Although this is a story of the Jews of one American community, Minneapolis, it is

probably typical of the experience of other communities. It will make a real contribution to interracial understanding, and it should be in church and public libraries, as well as on many home bookshelves.

## For Family Reading

**Once in the First Times**, retold by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist. Illustrated by John Sheppard. Published by MacRae Smith Co., Philadelphia. 215 pages. Price \$2.50.

There is an unfailing interest in folks and fairy tales, myths and legends. This book brings together for the first time such tales from the Philippine Islands and puts them in language that will be of interest to younger readers. There are fifty stories, half of which reflect the native legends and the other half show the influence of Spanish and American folk lore. A few of the titles are "Legend of the First Filipinos," "The Great Flood," "In the First Times," "How the Moon and Stars Came to Be," and "Whence Came the Birds." All of the stories are short and enjoyable. John Sheppard, the illustrator, served in the Philippines during World War II and made his drawings from sketches which he prepared then.

# BOOKS

*for the Hearthside*





# Over the Back Fence



## ● America, Let's Face It!

Americans are demanding more and better public services: more and better police and fire protection; better sewage disposal; more highways; more education and welfare programs; more assistance for commerce and agriculture; more national defense.

On the other hand, there has been mounting public opposition to the inevitably higher taxes that accompany more and better services.

School taxes present one of the few opportunities for citizens to say a direct "No" to more taxes.

Next month the largest number of children ever to enroll in our public education system will overfill our school buildings. There will not be a sufficient number of well-trained teachers to receive them. The best equipment will not be available for most of them. This is chiefly because we Americans have not faced up to the responsibility of paying the bill for our increasing educational needs.

Parents and citizens who want to face up to this problem can find help in a little booklet *How Do We Pay for Our Schools?* Write *Hearthstone* if you would like a free copy of this pamphlet for personal or group use.

Unless we want to deny any education to some of our children or lower the standards for most of them, the financial problems of our schools will have to be solved.

If representative groups of citizens will look at the problems objectively and factually, they may be able to turn the present deficit into opportunity for all our children—tomorrow's leaders.

It's too late to do much about the situation for next month. Thousands of children will pay the penalty of our shortsightedness in the past.

Ready action now will help tomorrow's children, of whom there are more every year.

## ● Are You a Snob or a Slob?

This none-too-subtle question was touched off by two items which recently appeared in print. One was an advertisement and the other, a book review.

The advertisement was for men's suits, and it set forth the idea that this particular brand had "snob appeal." Evidently, the advertiser believed that there was enough of the snob in most men to give this a real selling punch. Perhaps he's right.

One who merely "runs over" the ads in papers and magazines and lends "half-an-ear" to the airways will have to admit that a great percentage of copy writers use the snob appeal in hawking their wares.

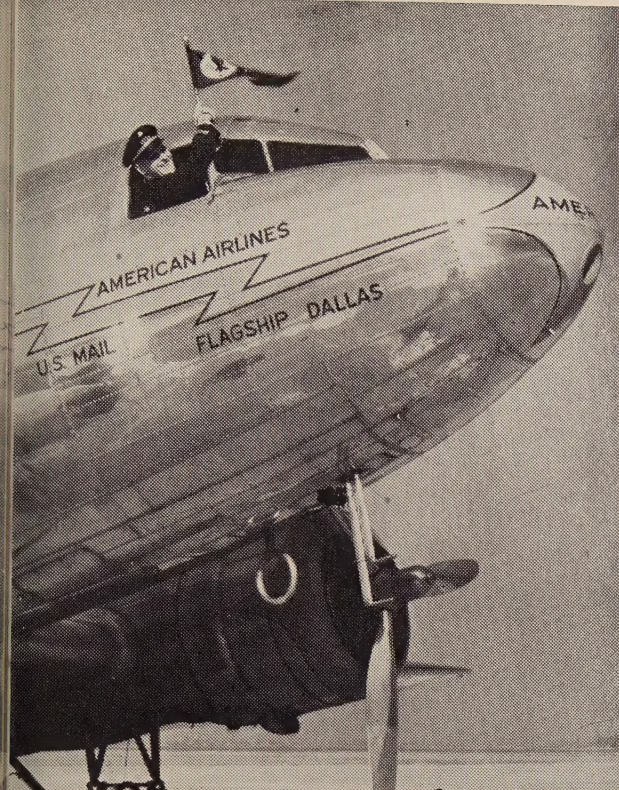
The book review dealt with a publication defending the programming of the television broadcasting companies. The writer referred to those who watch the sets faithfully as "slobs" when they passively and without protest accept every mediocre program that comes over the air.

Again, one wonders if perhaps the man is right. How many of us do have any real standards by which we test the "shows" that come into our living rooms? How frequently do we protest when some program not only fails to meet the test but even offends good taste? Or how many times have we praised a program when it reached high levels of good taste and good entertainment?

*Hearthstone* is convinced that Christians need to work harder at the job of staying out of either category—snob or slob. We look forward to the day when snob appeal loses its appeal. We hope for the time when viewers can hurl the epithet "slob" back into the tube of the one who scornfully used it.

In other words, here is a place where a little power of negative thinking needs to be exercised and expressed! Say a forceful "No" to the slander in the question the man raises!





# Remember— These Men Can't Come!

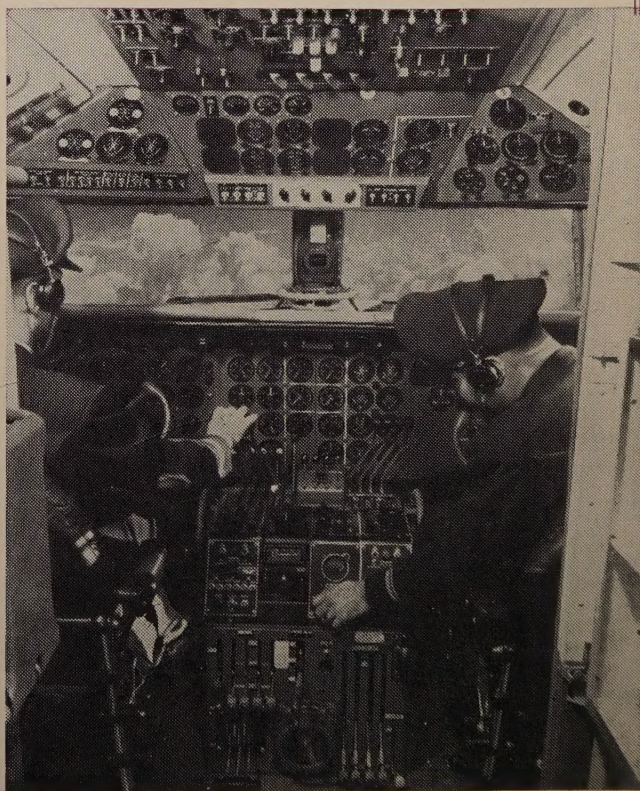
They—and thousands of others in the aviation industry—are unable to attend Sunday morning worship services. Their responsibilities keep them away.

Let the roar of their plane which interrupts your worship meditations remind you that

## Hearthstone

can help your church keep in touch with them and their families. It can be the link that brings the church into their homes and helps them with their task of creating a Christian family life.

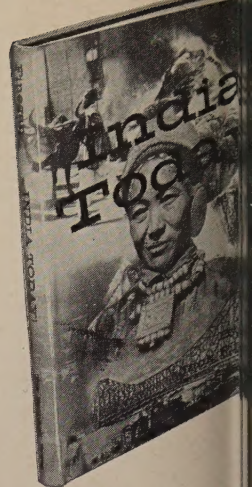
**Put Hearthstone into  
Every Home!**





# India Today!

✓ *By Jack Finegan.* This new republic in an ancient land is as strategic in Asia as Asia is in the world. Its people and its future can be understood only through learning of the racial, historical and cultural background of India, the land of contrasts. Dr. Finegan interprets India after a year's study there on a Fulbright Award. He writes not as a casual traveler, but as a skilled observer of people, an American, and an anthropologist. Strikingly illustrated with 50 photos! \$4.25



## ✓ The 7 Teen Years

*By Alberta Z. Brown.* A frankly written, understanding book for teen-agers. Here are practical explanations of problems and opportunities facing today's teen-agers. Thirty-four cartoon drawings! \$1.50

## ✓ Where Jesus Walked

*By Sandford Fleming.* A devotional tour through the Holy Land. A visit to all the historic sites connected with earthly life of Christ. Valuable background for Bible study. \$2.50

## Summer Check List

## ✓ Life and Laughter

*By James Whitcomb Brouger,* Practical sermons and popular lectures. Excellent source material for preacher or public speaker. Dr. Brouger has a unique gift of humor, sound sense and winning personality. \$2.00

## ✓ Rhapsody in Black

*By Richard Ellsworth Day.* The life of John Jasper, famous slave preacher of Virginia in the Civil War era. This full-length biography tells of his family background, his working in tobacco houses, his conversion and his years as a slave preacher. \$2.50

## ✓ A Man Can Know God

*By John Henry Strong.* A record of how God has guided for nearly fifty years the life of a man who came to know him and in that knowledge came to regard time as sacred, humanity as holy, prayer as colloquy, and the Bible as a love letter from the skies." \$2.00

## ✓ Perplexing Problems of Religion

*By Arthur W. Munk.* Some satisfying discussions on the deep questions of faith for this time of world crises, to which reasonable answers must be found for meaningful and creative living; like, what is the meaning and purpose of life? \$2.75

## ✓ Christian Unity

## and Disciples of Christ

*By Winfred E. Garrison.* An intelligent and perceptive survey of Christian unity, especially as Disciples of Christ have influenced the efforts toward it. An inspiration to any denomination's desire for Christian unity. \$3.00

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